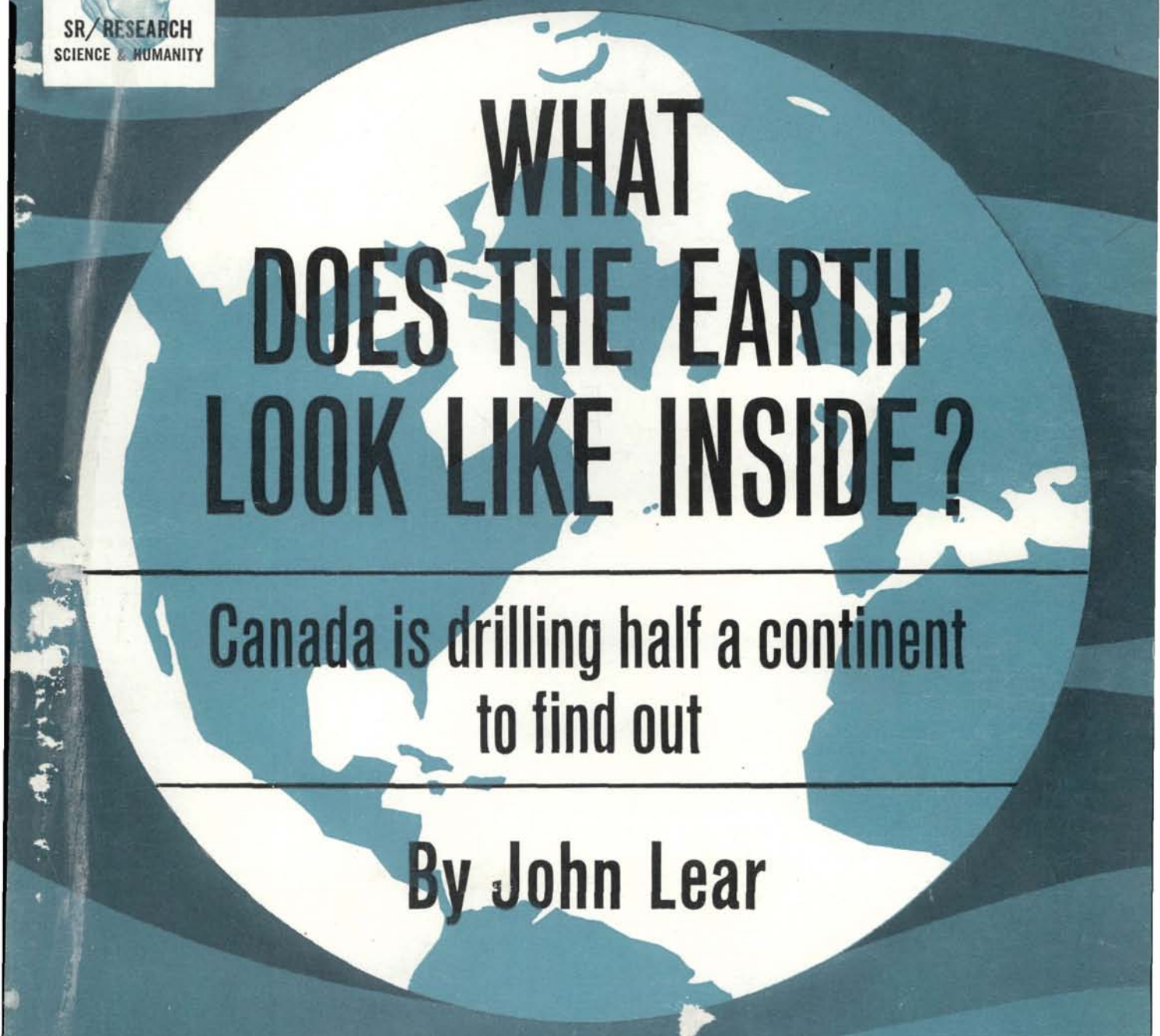
Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 4, 1961 / 25¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY



WHAT DOES THE EARTH LOOK LIKE INSIDE?

Canada is drilling half a continent to find out

By John Lear

SR127858 94-362
MRS INEZ HARLOW
RFD 3
PUTNEY VT

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What are they watching in

LONDON

(Ark., Ky., Ohio, Tex., W. Va.)

PARIS

(Ark., Idaho, Ill., Ky., Me., Md., Mich., Miss., Mo., Tenn., Tex., Va., Wis.)

ROME

(Ga., Ill., Ind., Iowa, Miss., Mo., N.Y., Pa.)

?

How *big* is it? (Not how famous its name.) The answer, a few years ago, decided whether your city would see or not see leaders in government, education, and journalism—or road companies, orchestras, or ball teams. Of course, it still makes a difference. But today there is far more community of experience than ever before between London, Texas (pop., less than 2,500) and London, England (pop., more than 8¼ million).

Through eye and ear, residents of metropolis and small town, both here and abroad, can *personally* witness the awakening of new nations, the challenges to old nations, the triumphs of science, the tragedy and comedy of the real world and the world of make-believe.

In our 50 states there is a fresh meaning for *E Pluribus Unum*. People whose ancestors came from ancient London, Paris, Rome—and all the towns and countries beyond them—are brought together in a shared experience of these revolutionary years.

Through television, our society's impulse to individual expression and achievement can start from a higher base of common knowledge—however large or small our home town.

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE
666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

In February

SOME PROGRAMS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

(Times indicated are Eastern Standard Time)

"Fidelio"
A repeat performance of Beethoven's only opera; Irene Jordan as Leonore, John Alexander as Floristan. In English.
Sunday, February 5 (3-5 PM)

"Ireland: The Tear and the Smile"
The literary and artistic side of the Emerald Isle. Guests include Siobhan McKenna and Sean O'Faolain.
Sunday, February 5 (6:30-7 PM)

"Story of the X-15"
A documentary study of America's hypersonic rocket plane.
Monday, February 6 (10:30-11 PM)

"Time Remembered"
Anouilh's romantic comedy, with Dame Edith Evans in her U.S. television debut, Christopher Plummer, and Janet Munro.
Tuesday, February 7 (7:30-9 PM)

"A String of Beads"
Somerset Maugham's story with Chester Morris, Glenda Farrell, and Jane Fonda.
Tuesday, February 7 (10-11 PM)

"The Single Woman"
A study of the problems facing the unmarried woman in today's society.
Thursday, February 9 (4-5 PM)

"Aaron Copland Music"
A concert for young people with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. Composer Aaron Copland is the special guest.
Sunday, February 12 (4-5 PM)

"Saga of the Triton"
The National Geographic Society's actuality film report of the three-month underwater circumnavigation of the globe by USS Triton, world's largest submarine.
Tuesday, February 14 (7-7:30 PM)

"Holding of the Panama Canal"
A study of our Latin-American relations.
Tuesday, February 14 (10-11 PM)

"A Louisiana Story"
Documentary report on the school desegregation situation in New Orleans.
Thursday, February 16 (10:30-11 PM)

"Minuteman!"
Documentary story of the land-based missile on wheels, which can be fired from any point in the United States.
Sunday, February 19 (6:30-7 PM)

"First Winter at South Pole"
Historic account of the U.S. IGY team that built and manned a station during six months of total darkness.
Tuesday, February 21 (7-7:30 PM)

"Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic"
Sunday, February 26 (4-5:30 PM)

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Sundays:	Meet the Professor
	Issues and Answers
	Roundup USA
	Meet the Press
	The Twentieth Century
	Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years
Tuesdays:	Expedition!
Thursdays:	Face the Nation/Reports
Fridays:	Eyewitness to History
Saturdays:	The Nation's Future
Mon-Fri:	Continental Classroom
	Road to Reality

NOTE: *Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Consult local listings for times and programming details.*

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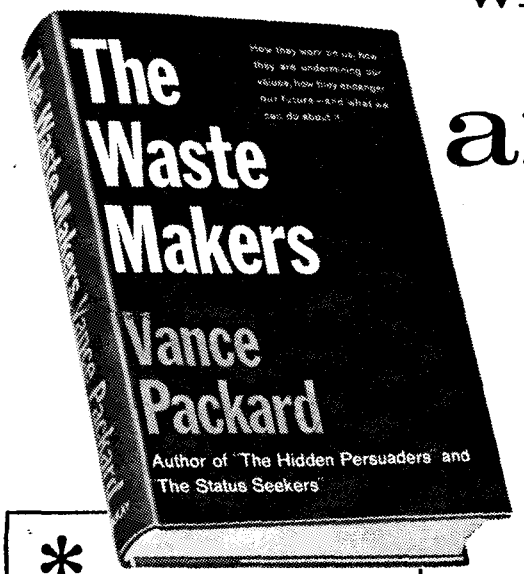

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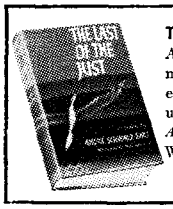

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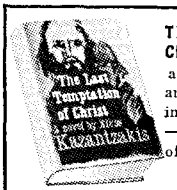

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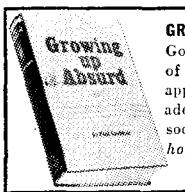

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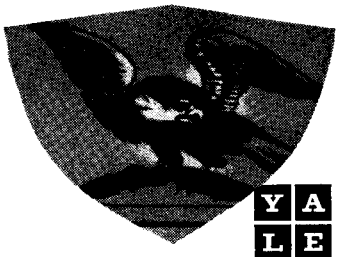

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Philip M. Hamer, Editor. Compiled for the National Historical Publications Commission. A complete one-volume guide to all depositories of archives and manuscripts in the fifty states, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, and the Canal Zone. Indispensable to scholars and libraries, the *Guide* covers more than thirteen hundred depositories and twenty thousand collections of private papers and archival groups, ranging in time from Babylonian clay tablets to 1960. 775 pages, with a full index. $12.50

Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut

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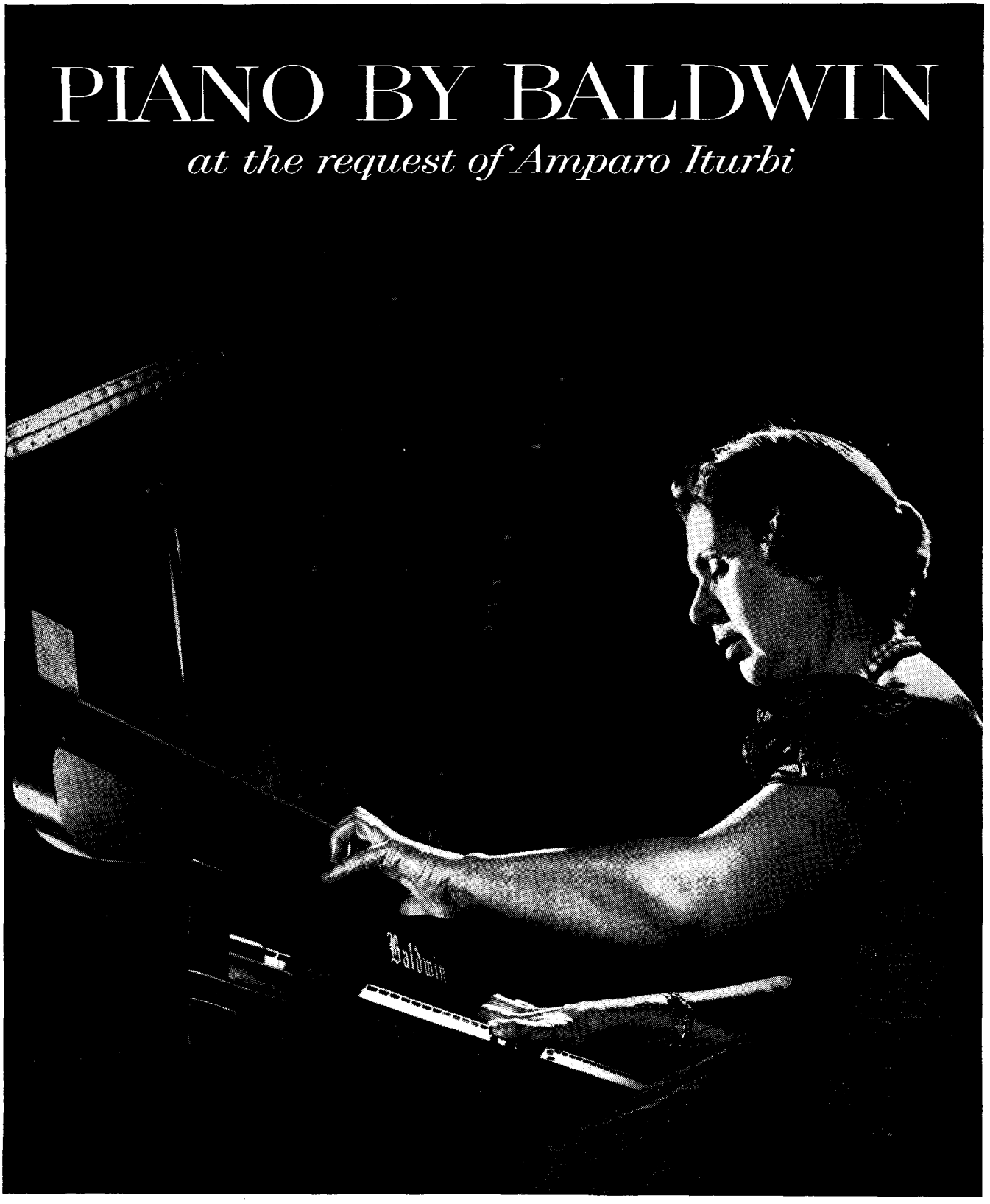
PIANO BY BALDWIN

at the request of Amparo Iturbi



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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

UP AT Harvard before the inauguration there were three presidents—Nathan Pusey, president of Harvard, Tom Lamont, president of the Board of Overseers, and John F. Kennedy, President-elect of the country. Paul Cabot, treasurer of Harvard, spoke to Kennedy. "I didn't vote for you," he said frankly, "but one of my brothers did." Replied Kennedy, "Which one, Mr. Cabot?" "Well," said Cabot, going down the list of his brothers, "it wasn't him—nor him—nor —I'll tell you who I think it was, I think it was Charlie." "Well," said Kennedy, "I'm glad one Cabot is for me anyway." Said Cabot, "You missed the whole point. Now you've got two of us."

• • •

The spirit in Washington was electric and, at times during the inauguration, even electronic. It was also a spirit of youth. Both Republican Democrats and Democratic Democrats seemed to be united, and there was a real feeling, once the show was over, of buckling down to work and putting the show (i.e., the country) on the road. "Even those of us who weren't a part of it," said Republican Senator Javits, "*feel* a part of it."

• • •

Covering the inaugural for the Garroway program presented a particular problem in view of the taping nowadays. For example, we were on tape Wednesday night (taping Thursday morning's show) and yet, though we were taping in New York, we were supposed, Thursday morning, to be in Washington. "Here in New York," began one spiel, "where we are—we mean left—last night, things are very different from Washington where we will be —we mean are today."

• • •

The most infuriating story of the month was the story of the American Legionnaires of Harmony, North Carolina, who have taken to hunting rabbits by flushing them into the open and then beating, bashing, and flailing them to death with clubs, sticks, jagged rocks, etc. "Some of the more dedicated to this sport," reported the New York *World Telegram and Sun*, which deserves much credit for breaking the brutal story, "go after the rabbits with their bare hands." The whole story pointed up the need for Humane and Animal Welfare assistance on a national scale, and until we get such national action, we hereby declare on any and all American Legionnaires of Harmony, North Carolina, open season.

• • •

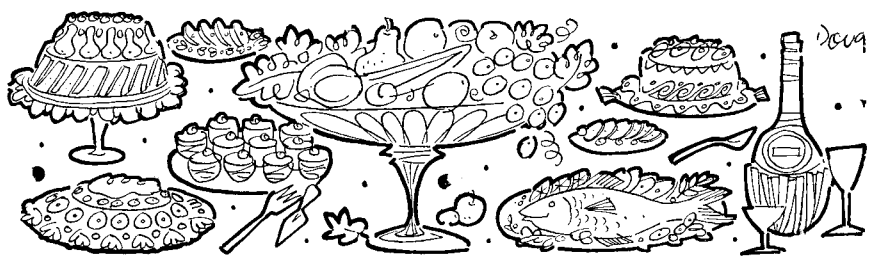
January was, basically, an "instant" month. The "Information Please Almanac" advertised "instant" information, a credit firm advertised "instant" credit, and Union Carbide Corporation came up with, of all things, an "instant" beer. Meanwhile, in the computer field, our friend Corey Ford came up with the answer to the machine-computer in his book, "Guide to Thinking." He writes: "How many readers are aware that this all-purpose machine may also be used to play badminton? The way this is done is as follows: the two players mix themselves a couple of highballs, carry them into the living room, where the computer is located, and sit down in easy chairs before the fire. Then the first player feeds into his computer such essential data as the speed of his serve, the elevation of the badminton bird crossing the net, and the trajectory of its descent. His opponent gives the machine his approximate position in receiving the serve, angle of his racket, and how many feet he has to run back from the net before he bumps into the wall. The two opponents then sip their highballs in comfort, and wait for the machine to compute that the first player is leading 12-2, whereupon they mix another couple of highballs and the second player serves. This goes on until they are out of Scotch, at which point they press a button to determine the final score of the game, and the loser has to go down to the package store to buy another bottle."

• • •

As you probably know by now, the big news on the book front was the astounding success of the Latin version of "Winnie-the-Pooh" or, in its own now-immortal title, "Winnie Ille Pu." The book was translated by Alexander Lenard, a Hungarian professor now living in Brazil, who not only did it over the dead (language) bodies of his friends, but also at his own expense. Then Sweden did a thirty-two-page version, and finally it came to E. P. Dutton by way of Methuen, the English publisher. We liked best the comment of ace publicist Elliott Graham: "I hope the excitement caused by the publication of this little book will be noticed by the people who map out courses of study in our high schools and universities. Surely the pendulum has swung about as far as it can go in the direction of pretending that Latin doesn't exist! I don't know how Latin got the bum's rush in academic circles—but it must have been a shady deal because no language except French seems to have more friends. I do think that the big news is that Latin has so many friends, and that this book has encouraged them to step forward and declare themselves."

• • •

During the month we had lunch with that dean of public relations men, Lynn Farnol. Mr. Farnol's immediate concern was the publicizing of a new lunch club, the Hemisphere Club, on the top floor of the new Time and Life Building. It's a club at lunch and a restaurant at night, and is, among other things, the first executive lunch club to acknowledge women as executives and admit them as members. Farnol approached his task by saying he never forgot, early in his career, having lunch with a man who told him he never had lunch with someone without getting something out of it. Then, as our lunch progressed, he told us that there has been, as he put it, "a swing of the pendulum away from the sandwich lunch." At length, during dessert, he became positively philosophical. "It's a real return to conversation," he said. "Swapping a gag is not conversation." Finally, over cigars, he looked around the room and pointed out distinguished members. "They are the kind of men who don't go out to lunch to deduct each other," he said. "They are leisurely—they take inventory of each other. Why, you'll find them still here at three o'clock." The mention of time reminded Mr. Farnol of something and he stole a quick look at his watch. Then, very quietly, and with the same courtly charm, he said, "Well, it's after two—and I'll have to be getting back"—and our lunch was over. And then we left—philosophically too, of course.



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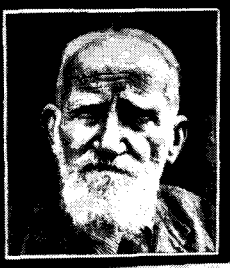

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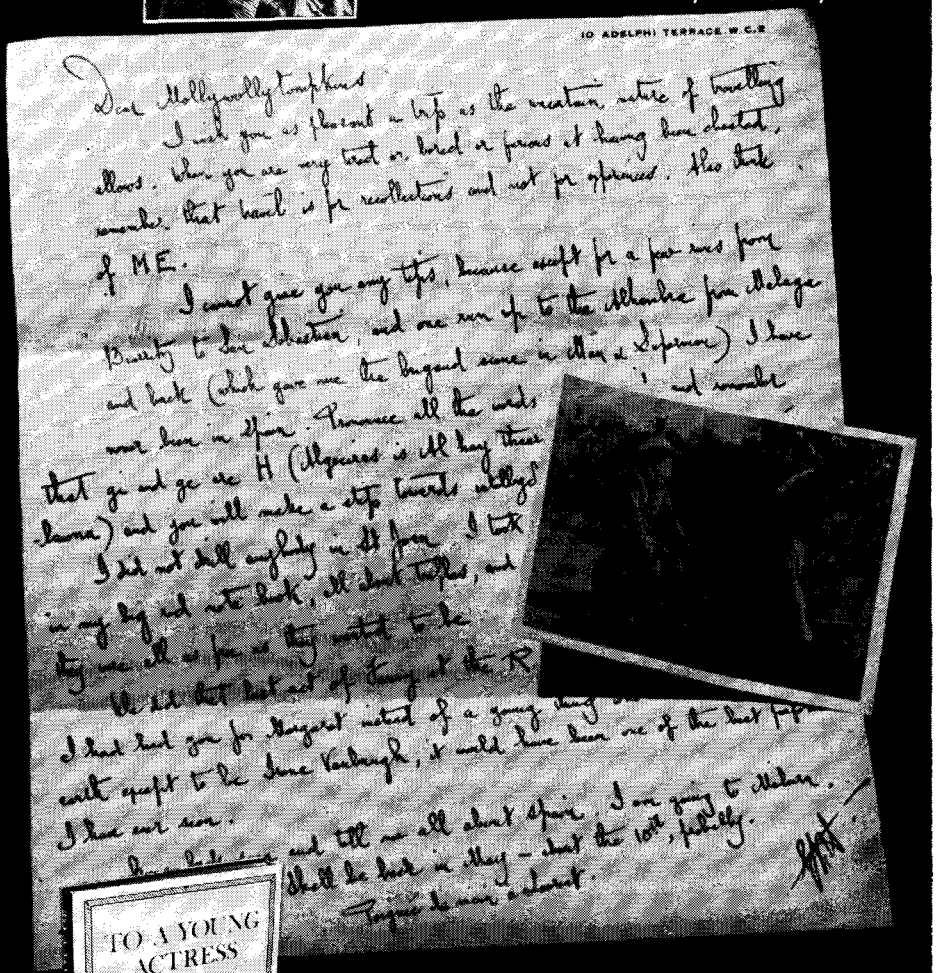

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TRADE Winds

SOMEONE ASKED WHY I failed to make my predictions for the new year. Because it's too easy. We know what's going to happen. Athletes will blame officials for losing; ambassadors will hand strong notes to other ambassadors;

a plain girl will become Miss America.

For predictions, then, I shall substitute hopes for the new year. It's wishful thinking, to be sure, but these are some of the events I look forward to in 1961, which, as you realize, is 1961 spelled upside down:

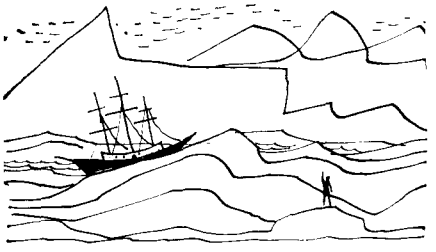
1. Brendan Behan goes home.
2. Al Hirshfeld stops putting his daughter's name in his drawings.
3. Peter Ustinov gives up trying to write.
4. The Japanese market is flooded with cheap American goods.
5. All seven astronauts chicken out of the space ride.
6. An unauthorized autobiography is published.

ONE OF THE biggest stories of its time occurred in 1884 when six survivors of the Greely expedition were rescued from the Arctic and brought back to this country. In 1881 the United States had stationed a party of twenty-five men on what is now called Ellesmere Island off the northwest coast of Greenland. The commander of the group was thirty-seven-year-old Signal Corps Lieutenant Adolphus Washington Greely, and they were supposed to collect information for International Polar Year.

During their first year the expedition went farther north than anyone had before, and it gathered a body of scientific data still in use today. But by a series of goofs back in Washington, D. C., the party was stranded there for three years. Supplies failed to reach them, and one rescue ship got itself sunk trying to find them. All but six of the men died, most of them from starvation.

Through diaries, journals, letters, and other material—much of it newly discovered by the author—Alden Todd has told the story of this expedition in "Abandoned" (McGraw-Hill). It's an enthralling account. The temperamental, brave, cowardly, insubordinate personalities of the various men are revealed in painful detail, whether it's a joyful Christmas party in 1881, or the pitiful day in June, 1884, when the last six emaciated men lie there in the wilderness writing their last wills, their food entirely gone, knowing it is the end.

Suddenly, from within the primitive shelter, one of the survivors hears *running* footsteps! Realizing that a miraculous rescue is at hand, he "reached for the medicinal spirits to give the dying Connell the next-to-last spoonful. He had then proffered the final few drops to Greely, but when the commander shook his head the faithful medic had sent the final dose in the wake of the



first—to stimulate the man among them who was nearest death."

Well, it was the U. S. Navy that came over the horizon, not the cavalry, but the rescue is just as exciting, even though they rowed rather than rode.

FINDING THE MEN alive caused a worldwide sensation. The remarkable thing was that all the meteorological records were preserved. Greely was a hero. The most sensational development was the hint that the survivors had resorted to cannibalism to remain alive.

Believe it or not, these charges were never explained to the satisfaction of everyone. Although Greely lived to be ninety-one years of age, and became one of the only two men to win the Medal of Honor for peacetime activity, the cannibalism issue was never settled. Now, thanks to the new information contained in "Abandoned" and to an introductory explanation by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, you can deduce for yourself who were the villains.

As a beneficial side effect of his book, author Todd thinks the officials at the Library of Congress may start speaking to him again. In 1959 Mr. Todd wrote an article for *SR* critical of the way Congress treats its (and the people's) library. Since he had been using the library's facilities while gathering material for the article, the librarian was slightly put out. (Mr. Todd was almost put out.)

In doing his research for the book, however, he discovered (in an attic, of course) the valuable and voluminous papers of Major General Greely, and he helped arrange to have them given to the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress.

"I hope," he told me, "that Librarian L. Quincy Mumford will be willing to —well, shake hands and make up."

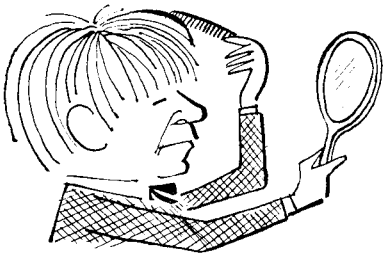
WHEN THE PEOPLE at Channel Press tried to think of something different to publicize their new book, "Scheherazade Cooks!" they decided to prepare some moosh-moosh from one of the recipes and mail it to the reviewers and editors.

It is a little round delicacy made from dried apricots, with an almond in the center of it. The first test proved that in the mail moosh-moosh becomes mush-mush. So they substituted amer-deen instead. It's not in the cookbook but it's made of apricots, too, and it is something that Scheherazade might well have cooked.

Amer-deen is big, round, and flat, without any almonds. It tastes good. Channel rolled each one up tight and found that it mailed well. It sort of looked like a cigar. In fact, when Paul Flowers, book editor of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, received his amer-deen, he unwrapped it, puzzled for a moment, and finally put one end in his mouth and lit the other.

His exact comment was, I believe, "Phooey!" Amer-deen tastes and mails well, but it smokes poorly.

ANECDOTES I DON'T BELIEVE EVER HAPPENED—No. 4: From Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's "Robert Frost: The Trial by Existence" (Holt), we learn



that when Carl Sandburg was on a lecture tour he stayed at the University of Michigan with the Robert Frosts. At one point someone asked, "Where's Carl?" Drawled Robert, "He's standing by his mirror fixing his hair so it will look as if a comb had never touched it."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: George E. Wolf writes: "It occurred to me that if Pres-

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ident Kennedy's plan for a Peace Corps goes through, with volunteers serving in darkest Africa instead of going through military training here in the States, our young men will have to de-

cide whether a year in the land is worth two in the bush."

►The management of the Broadway show "Advise and Consent" was miffed at the *New York Times* review of the play, so they spent $8,000 in advertisements to counteract the bad notice. Where did they place the ads? In the *Times*. Sort of puts the critic in the middle from now on, if you ask me.

►From the New York *Daily News*: "Correction. In yesterday's edition Masters' price of the Waring blendor incorrectly appeared as $10. The correct price of the $29.95 blendor is $17."

►Carol Orr saw a sign in the window of a Massachusetts maternity clothes store: HATCHING FROCKS.

►Edward Echols reports that a lady South of the Border dieted herself back to her former svelteness. Now her proud husband calls her his "Metrecali Rose."

►Jim Bowling considers himself extremely lucky, and says he always has been so. When he was a boy in Louisville, his brother, Van, knew it and would ask Jim to walk to the bus stop with him so a bus would come right along.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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MAE W. GOODMAN:
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sleep. . .
to see if you can trace your shadow.

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*Substituted for "your" to get the third G.

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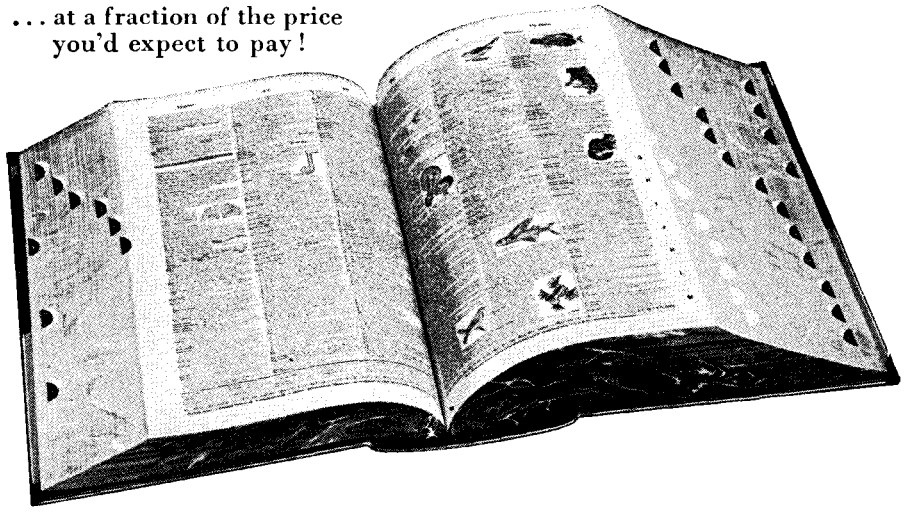

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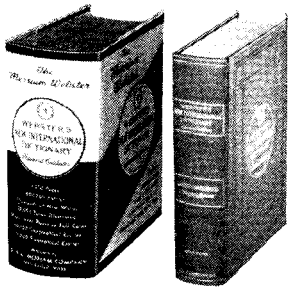

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Saturday Review
FEBRUARY 4, 1961

THE NEW DECADE: AN INTERIM REPORT

A year ago, as history turned the corner from the Fifties to the Sixties, historian and economist Louis M. Hacker offered Saturday Review readers his preview of the new decade, a period that men everywhere looked forward to as one in which many of mankind's hopes might at last come to fruition. Now that one year of that decade has passed, how well has it lived up to expectations? For an assessment, SR has asked Mr. Hacker to review 1960's balance sheet, weighing both the successes and the setbacks and giving his view of the tasks that remain. This article is his report.

By LOUIS M. HACKER

WHAT HAPPENED to all the high hopes we entertained for 1960, that *annus mirabilis* that was to usher in a decade of stability and progress domestically and a lessening of tensions internationally? On every side the prospect was serene. We had come through a third postwar recession without apparent hurt to our economy, and the long and crippling steel strike, which had been settled without price increases, was leading to an immediate and sensational jump in steel production (to replenish inventories, to start again the upward movement of capital expenditures). Consumer purchases of goods and services were encouragingly high.

The spirit of Camp David hovered benignly over the world. Preparations at last were being made for a summit meeting in Paris in May; the peaceful coexistence of which Khrushchev had constantly been speaking apparently was to lead to a clear understanding for its implementation. The suspension of atomic tests continued; indeed, at Geneva discussions hopefully were going on for the creation of a permanent agreement with machinery for international inspection. The new nations of Africa—suddenly and irrevocably released from colonial status—were not unfriendly to the United States and accepted our missions and our proffers of technical assistance cordially. Americans regarded as good signs the overthrow of the Batista dictatorship in Cuba and the appearance of a mass movement of liberation; surely constitutional government would soon follow and American rights (and perhaps even counsel) would be respected.

By our own faith and works—our devotion to the principles of equity and justice in economic and civil arrangements at home and abroad—we had the chance of becoming, as I wrote in these pages a year ago, the showcase of the world. As I then said: "For where else will the ordinary citizen—secure in his private life and free to be guided by his own conscience, loyalties, and taste—be as much the center and the purpose of political arrangements and social and economic organization? If we succeed in the Sixties, authoritarianism will have its final and conclusive answer. By our example—and not by our power—we will have a profound influence on all those awakened peoples who are now stirring so restlessly everywhere."

The broken pieces of these lofty expectations lie all about us. Consider some of the unhappy failures of 1960:

The American economy—despite its great achievements in raising per capita income and increasingly its more equitable distribution—has been faltering. From 1947 through 1955, the Gross National Product (GNP) in constant prices grew at an annual rate of 4 per cent; from early 1956 through 1960, that rate was halved. The Moscow statement of the assembled Communist parties, at the end of November, declared not inaccurately of the United States: ". . . the rate of growth of production has been declining in the postwar years and has been barely above the growth of population."

Whatever the exact figures—and they are in dispute—of this there can be no question: the economy of the USSR has been moving ahead at a rate much higher than ours, certainly at least twice ours. If this continues, the end of the decade may very well see the GNP of the USSR closely approaching if not equaling that of the United States.

Unemployment has become a characteristic of the American economy. Despite recoveries after postwar recessions, unemployment continued higher absolutely (in numbers) and relatively (as a percentage of the growing labor force). From 1950 to 1960, unemploy-

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ment averaged 4.5 per cent of those seeking work; but by the end of 1960 the proportion had mounted alarmingly to 6.5 per cent. There were more than 4,500,000 jobless by December, 1960.

It was becoming evident that what has been maintaining the economy in the postwar years had been the steady rise in consumer expenditures for nondurable goods and services; on the other hand, in those sectors that really affect sustained growth—that is, expenditures for durables and for construction—advances had been erratic and sluggish.

The year brought all these tendencies to a head: new capital investments, beginning in March, began to taper off; the same happened in the case of new housing; steel production fell by the end of the year to 40 per cent of capacity (the Russians were making almost as much steel as we were); productivity began to drop at the same time that the general price level mounted, rising by nearly 2 per cent by the end of the year. Even more unsettling was the fact that those continued expenditures of consumers on nondurables and services, which had so quickly brought us out of the postwar recessions in 1949, 1954, and 1958, slowed down during the year. Purchasing power in the hands of consumers remained high; but it was being withheld. Here was a want of confidence in the economy from an unusual quarter (and a powerful and disturbing commentary on the proposal that tax cuts across the board on personal incomes would release spending).

The loss of gold, in international transactions, and the deficits in our balances of payments, had been going on seriously for three years. The drainage of gold was sharply stepped up in 1960 and, while the balance of payments improved, it still was running against us at the rate of $4.3 billion in 1960. The reasons for this were well known: in the last fifteen years we had spent more than $110 billion to finance the Grand Alliance and more particularly to rehabilitate the economies of Western Europe and Japan; we were carrying a disproportionate share of the costs to defend the free world and to aid underdeveloped countries; American banks and investors (and speculators), taking advantage of higher interest rates in European countries, were responsible for as much as $2 billion annually leaving the United States. Policies were possible (as we shall see) to correct these tendencies; the dollar was not in danger. But the image of the United States as the world's richest and most secure nation had become clouded and distorted; and the sudden trip of Messrs. Anderson and Dillon to Bonn, seeking aid and receiving small comfort, further shook confidence in America's ability to show others the way and to resolve its own perplexities.

The summit meeting of May was suddenly called off. Khrushchev used the downing of the American U-2 plane on Russian soil as the excuse. Whatever the reason—and Chinese pressure on Russia undoubtedly was an important one—the end result was a renewal of the cold war everywhere.

THERE can be no doubt that the cold war was intensified as a result of the Moscow meeting of the leaders of eighty-one Communist parties from November 10 to December 1. Presumably, Mr. Khrushchev's confidence in peaceful coexistence and economic competition with the West was underwritten. Communism was going to win anyway because of its superior accomplishments: "In conditions of peace," said the Moscow statement tauntingly, "the socialist system increasingly reveals its advantages over the capitalist system in all fields of economy, culture, science, and technology. The near future will bring the forces of peace and socialism new successes. The USSR will become the leading industrial power of the world. China will become a mighty industrial state. The socialist system will be turning out more than half the world industrial product. . . ." At the same

AMONG 1960'S NEWSMAKERS—India's Prime Minister Nehru, Ghana's President Nkrumah, UAR's President Nasser, Indonesia's President Sukarno, and Yugoslavia's President Tito at the United Nations (upper left); Castro and Khrushchev at the U. N. (lower left); Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson and West German Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard in Bonn (above).

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time, the assembled Communist leaders agreed that there was to be no real truce with capitalism, for Communists were to take advantage of "favorable opportunities . . . for the development of the class struggle in the capitalist countries and the national liberation movement of the peoples of the colonial and dependent countries." The Lenin of revolutionary war and subversion was not renounced despite all of Khrushchev's appeals to the Lenin of peace. For, said the statement, "A greater effort is required in explaining the ideas of socialism to the masses, to educate the working class in a revolutionary spirit, to develop their revolutionary class consciousness and to show all working people the superiority of socialist society. . . ." It was plain that the Comintern, as the organ for the leading of the revolutionary forces of the world (founded by Lenin in 1919, terminated by Stalin in 1943), had been revived.

THE consequences of Leninist doctrine, Chinese style, became more and more evident during 1960. The leaders of Indonesia, the United Arab Republic, and Ghana (where their power was secure), and those of Laos, Mali, Guinea, the Congo, Algeria, and Cuba (where their power was not) were probably not Communists or Communist dupes; primarily, they were seeking to consolidate and extend their influence and they were doing so openly or covertly, using the methods of violence, with Russian and Chinese assistance. These leaders had chosen sides, and those of more uncommitted nations, in all likelihood, would follow their example: for the time being, at any rate, Communism and not capitalism seemed to represent for them the wave of the future. If we see the growing unrest everywhere and the spreading of the cold war—in Africa, the Middle East, the Far East, Latin America (for Castro's influence is bound to grow)—not in ideological terms but in political ones, we shall be closer to the realities and, in consequence, shall know what to do. Capitalism and democracy (with their promises of a wider diffusion of well-being as individual rights are preserved) and on the other hand Communism (with its utopian dream of complete equalitarianism as the "expropriators are expropriated") mean relatively little, as choices, to the Nassers, Nkrumahs, Tourés, and Castros; their preoccupations are with the problems of the stability of their regimes, their personal prestige, and a larger role in world affairs for their countries. Capitalism and democracy had accomplished these for Great Britain (as for France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Germany) in the nineteenth century and for the United States in the first half of the twentieth century; Russia and China now apparently were showing the way to the achievement of power and prestige—for the leaders and for their nations—in the 1960s.

Worst of all, the world continued to tremble on the brink of destruction as the nuclear weapons race remained unchecked. The Geneva discussions had reached a stalemate: no firm agreement on the suspension of nuclear explosions, let alone on step-by-step disarmament, was closer to achievement at the end of 1960 than it had been at the beginning. To start general disarmament, what was necessary first was an international understanding on a cut-off, on inspection, and on the control of the means of nuclear weapons delivery. We had got nowhere; at the same time the whole problem had become almost unbearably complicated by France's nuclear testing, Germany's hints that it wanted too to become a nuclear power, and the undoubtedly continued pressure of China on Russia for large-scale assistance toward the same end. Unless immediate steps were taken by the United States and the USSR—and time rapidly was running out—there was every prospect that the 1960s would see at least half a dozen nations capable of making and delivering bombs, with the danger, as Sir Charles Snow pointed out, of some of these weapons exploding through "accident or folly or madness."

What can be done about these setbacks? The problem on the domestic front in 1960 was no longer the improvement of our housekeeping—to clean up and beautify and make more comfortable our cities, to spend more on public recreation facilities, to start a crash program of billions we did not have on primary and secondary education and the medical and custodial care of the aged. Nor was it, on the international front, the slow erosion of the Grand Alliance and the quite futile efforts to export democracy by technical assistance and small grants to underdeveloped countries. The problem had become the political one of prestige.

To be sure, the causes of the setbacks that occurred in 1960 were not created during that year, any more than were the problems inherited from earlier years. Nevertheless, neither the setbacks nor the problems could be blinked away, for at year's end a troubling question remained.

In the eyes of the outside world of the new nations and those struggling to cast off ancient tyrannies, will the United States survive as a people capable of becoming more powerful—because power today (perhaps as always) is the hallmark of prestige—and in this way capable of offering a real challenge to Leninism? If we can prove our capacity for large-scale growth economically, not only will the domestic housekeeping take care of itself automatically, as it has done in the past; we shall also have the superior advantage of demonstrating to the new leaders that democratic institutions, based on popular consent, offer more stability to nations and their leaders than do authoritarian ones. For personal power founded on consent (and law) has a much better chance of survival than power linked with struggle and intrigue (and the terror of the secret police) within the small and isolated cadre of the elite.

THE rehabilitation of our prestige as our economic power grows—for that is what the whole world is watching—requires the following:

► An increase in the annual rate of growth of the GNP, so that we shall match that of the Russians and always keep the lead we had up to the middle 1950s.

► The securing of our gold supply and the protection of the dollar so that it will continue to give stability to world currencies.

► The revitalization of the Grand Alliance as a powerful military and economic agency in the defense of the peace of the world.

► The establishment of full civil rights at home—to vote and to hold office, to be housed decently and to buy a home, to be educated and to take part in community affairs, and to be employed and promoted on the basis of ability. It is not stupidity but madness for us to preach the blessings of democracy to the colored peoples of the world—and they are the ones sitting in judgment on us—when we at home tolerate the indecent practices of segregation and inequality that exist not only in the South but also among our middle classes in the North, not only in our business corporations but in many of our trade unions.

Our present concern is not recession (we shall come out of that, as we did in 1949, 1954, and 1958); to this extent all of the direct devices proposed by the Samuelson task force report are well known, have been used, and have worked. The question is: will we come out stronger and more confident and will we start the cycle of large-scale growth as a consequence? There is not a single idea in the Samuelson report that can give us this hope. The following measures are suggested for the rehabilitation of the American economy:

The rate of spending for productive

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plant and equipment must be stepped up. This particularly applies to new industries—to automation, atomic energy, electronics, fuel cells, space exploration, oceanic exploration—and not as much to old ones. Growth rates are higher in new industries, and so are improved productivity and the adjustment of market prices to demand.

Spending of this sort can be accomplished only if there are the possibilities of making profits, and profit incentives go hand in hand with tax relief. Our whole tax structure needs overhauling; we must have more generous depreciation allowances to permit quick amortization of new plant and equipment, sizable initial tax forgiveness for new enterprises, the lowering of corporate income rates, and a stop must be put to the suicidal upward extension of personal income tax rates. Progressive taxation has gone too far and there should be cutbacks—if we want to encourage risky enterprises and investments.

THE average age of plant equipment being used has been going up—from eight and a half years in 1955 to nine years today, according to Nelson Rockefeller. One of the ways of getting rid of obsolescent plant and equipment is by the merger movement; this is what happened when the great industrial and railroad mergers took place in the 1890s and early 1900s. In fact, what is needed is a great Doomsday Book survey of our industrial plant and equipment for the purpose of guiding us in the ruthless junking of that part of our capital structure that no longer can function efficiently, vigorously, and competitively.

Productivity must be increased; it will be if fresh investment is encouraged, restraints by business and organized labor upon the full use of innovation eliminated, and wage rates tied to productivity. High real wages should be linked with lower price levels rather than with inflationary price increases. How can this be done in a democracy, short of direct government controls over wages and prices? In recent years real hourly earnings have been going up more rapidly than the rate of increase in productivity, when measured by the inputs of both tangible capital and labor. The slackness in business practice that looks askance at the necessity for constantly maximizing short-run profits, particularly through the route of vigorous competition; the collusion between management and labor to fix prices and shut the door to the entrance of new enterprisers; the acceptance by management of union "work rules" that freeze old jobs and harden the mold of inefficiency; the willingness of management to grant wage increases over and above productivity rises, as long as prices can be pushed up; here are challenges that we must face if we are not to give up the contest for world leadership.

I have said we need a complete and realistic appraisal of our capital plant to eliminate the obsolescent and the inefficient—with proper fiscal help. By the same token, only the most skilled public guidance, constantly and energetically employed, will persuade management and labor to devote themselves voluntarily to the same purpose and eliminate those devices that check innovation and hold back growth.

WE can pull and haul, back and fill, patch and paste about gold and the adverse balance of payments—by calling upon our Western allies and friends to adjust their short-term interest rates to ours, accelerate their debt repayments, impose restraints upon the conversion of their dollar holdings to gold, and by asking for larger contributions for mutual defense and aid to underdeveloped countries. But nothing will restore confidence in the dollar (and prevent hoarders from buying gold, as they are beginning to do) as much and as conclusively as a steady increase in our exports. To sell and buy, two things are necessary, and they are mutually interacting: the most vigorous trade competition with foreigners here and abroad—and this means a decline in our costs of production, and not perpetual subsidy; and the lowering of tariff barriers and the elimination of quotas and other quantitative restrictions.

The rehabilitation of the Grand Alliance in very real measure is tied to the dollar problem. The Grand Alliance has been shaken by many factors: the growing protest in Britain and in other countries against the presence of American launching sites, the demand of France for independent nuclear power, the perfection of plans in the European Economic Community that knit the countries of Western Europe closer together but exclude the United States, the continued building by the United States of nuclear submarines that may before long free us of dependence upon European land bases. If our allies will not assume their proper share of military defense costs (in Europe and elsewhere), if they persist in disregarding the fact that their economic policies help in imperiling the dollar, and insist upon complete nuclear independence, the United States of course has the choice of pulling out of Europe. It will not do so simply because Western Europe cannot afford to stand alone: it would be overwhelmed as quickly as it was by Germany during 1940, and by conventional forces entirely.

NATO needs strengthening certainly on the basis of our sharing with our

(*Continued on page* 48)

"You didn't bring back anything for me!"

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Fifteen Firsts—Not to Be Taken Lightly

Promise, Rather Than Achievement, Is the Criterion for the Tyro Novelist.

By GRANVILLE HICKS

THE FIRST few weeks of 1961 have brought an extraordinary number of first novels from the presses, and I propose to discuss fifteen of them. I am not one to take first novels lightly. I have given birth myself, and I have served several times as midwife, and I know what writing a first novel involves. I am inclined to agree with John Brooks, who says in "The Living Novel" that "no one who sets any standards to speak of and actually finishes a novel, even a bad or skimpy one, can be a wholly unadmirable person." Several of the novels I am talking about are pretty bad, but there are only one or two that don't deserve to be treated with respect.

From the publisher's point of view, a first novel is a gamble against tough odds. A publisher rarely hopes to make a lot of money from a first novel, and only once in a dog's age does he do it. (However, let us not forget "Gone With the Wind," "From Here to Eternity," and various other spectacular exceptions.) Usually the publisher hopes, but doesn't dare expect, to break even. Sometimes, probably more often than is generally assumed, a publisher accepts a first novel because he believes it has great merit and deserves to be in book form whether it makes money or not. More frequently, however, he sees promise rather than high achievement: in the next book, he convinces himself, or the one after that the author will really find himself and may even show a profit. In the fifteen books I have on hand there is more promise than achievement, and sometimes there isn't too much promise.

Of our fifteen novelists, eleven are American and four British. (One of the four currently resides in the United States.) Four are women. The oldest is fifty-four, the youngest twenty-two. Most of them are in their thirties. (It should be remembered that more often than not the first novel published is not the first novel written.) Four of the novelists are teachers, and some of the others have had academic connections. The longest of the novels has 558 large pages, the shortest 188 small ones. Only one has a historical theme. Only one aims at being slickly commercial. Only one, I am sorry to say, is a work of notable distinction.

It is possible to arrange the books in order of merit, but to discuss them in that sequence would be tiresome, for one would either begin or end with some tedious or trivial books. I shall discuss them in the order in which I happen to have read them, taking the good and the bad as they came to me.

WE begin with Robert Glynn Kelly's **"A Lament for Barney Stone"** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95), the story of a timid academician who manages to advance in his profession through good luck and a determination to keep on the right side of the right people. His good luck consists largely in the favor of an eminent professor, who sees him as a promising young scholar, though in fact Barney has neither liking nor aptitude for scholarship. (That the shrewd Nat Spiller would be so egregiously mistaken is not easy to believe.) Thus Barney is committed to a life that gives him little satisfaction but does seem to have its rewards, for at the end of eighteen years he is considered for a deanship. What happens is the theme of the novel.

Mr. Kelly shows Barney as ridiculous, but at the same time he tries to make him a reasonably sympathetic character, and the result is that he doesn't come through clearly. His weaknesses are abysmal, but then he turns out to have unexpected virtues. He is, we are told, a highly sucessful teacher, although, given his character, this seems unlikely. He is stupid in his self-seeking, as in everything else, but he nevertheless gets ahead. I have encountered most of Barney's qualities in members of the teaching profession, but I have never seen them combined in any one person, and I do not expect to.

Herbert Lobsenz's **"Vangel Griffin"** (Harper, $4.50) is the Harper Prize Novel for 1961. Vangel is presented in the first brisk paragraph as a perfect example of the standardized American, but he does have an uncharacteristic capacity for self-examination, and this leads him, at the age of twenty-nine, to the conclusion that life is not worth living. He decides to give himself one more year and then, if he hasn't found reason to change his mind, to commit suicide. He goes to Spain, where he meets a young idealist named Alonso and his sister, Satry. Alonso is not merely an idealist; he is a veritable Don Quixote, complete with Sancho Panza and assorted windmills. As for Satry, she is both seductive and uninhibited. Between them they change Vangel's attitude towards life.

Mr. Lobsenz, it seems to me, could not make up his mind as to how he wanted to tell this story. At the beginning he goes further in the direction of the ridiculous than Cervantes ever went, and this makes difficulties for him when he wants to turn Alonso into a true hero. The grim and gory climax seems inappropriate after the farcical episodes that are scattered through the book. The tone is uncertain, and there is a lot of talk that accomplishes nothing. If it is not altogether easy to believe in Vangel, it is quite impossible to take him seriously, especially in his ultimate role of idealistic philosopher.

IN Robert de Maria's **"Carnival of Angels"** (Macmillan, $3.95) we meet another young man who has nothing to live for. His name is Mario, and he is a student at Columbia. His story is paralleled by that of a middle-aged professor named Gordon. Unlike Mario, Gordon conceals his emptiness from himself, but he is as incapable as Mario of a responsible relationship with another person. Mario descends from Morningside Heights into Harlem, and for a time he finds oblivion, but eventually he is confronted with the necessity of taking responsibility, and he flees. After an interval he returns to Harlem at the risk of his life, and Gordon, against all his habits and inclinations, goes in search of him. Both the young man and the older one, we gather, are in the way of being saved.

Mr. de Maria tells his story with considerable skill. The parallel between Gordon and Mario is emphasized by an ingenious counterpoint that juxtaposes the words and action of one with those of the other. Scenes are carefully constructed, and the writing tries for and sometimes achieves distinction. At times Mr. de Maria is too much concerned with the devices he employs, and the novel comes to seem contrived, but a degree of artificiality may be a virtue

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in a first novel. At least the author isn't pouring out raw material onto his pages. Perhaps the shaping process could be less obtrusive, but I am nevertheless glad it is there.

In **"A Middle Class Education"** (Houghton Mifflin, $4.75) Wilfred Sheed has taken a look at some Oxford undergraduates, and he makes them seem a dull lot. The three with whom he is particularly concerned eschew (or pretend to) intellectual effort of any sort, spend most of their time in drinking and talking about women, and seek to convince one another that they are bored and degenerate. One of the three, John Chote, is given a fellowship at an American university, and thus in the latter part of the book Mr. Sheed, who has spent a good deal of his short life in the United States, has a chance to compare and contrast British and American manners.

Mr. Sheed has tried to do too many things, and the novel is quite badly put together. Moreover, he has devoted too much space to his Oxford undergraduates. They are supposed to be tiresome young men, but Mr. Sheed doesn't have to be quite so tedious in writing about them.

IT was at this point, when I was feeling a little low in spirit, that I came upon a completely mature and satisfying novel, Jean Rikhoff's **"Dear Ones All"** (Viking, $5.95), which is masterful in its handling of complex material. Almost half of the more than 500 pages are devoted to a description of a dinner held on Thanksgiving Day, 1936. The hostess is Lydia Timble, a widow of sixty, and the guests are her five daughters and their families. By a skilful use of flashbacks, Miss Rikhoff gives us the story of each of the six women and of two others—Aunt Clara, who lives with Mr. Timble, and Ella, her Negro servant. The novel then moves on through several months to a birthday party for the mother. Meanwhile the death of Aunt Clara has tempted one of the daughters to become a thief, and another daughter has committed suicide.

The title, a quotation from Mrs. Timble, is ironic, for the daughters are all unhappy creatures, and only one of them, the one who commits suicide, is appealing. It is a somber book, and yet one reads it with fascination. With a kind of assurance rare in a first novelist, Miss Rikhoff takes us into the mind of each of the principal characters, and each is fully developed and completely credible. With the same competence, she moves backward and forward in time, telling us all we need to know and no more. And behind this evoca-

(*Continued on page* 31)

Robert Glynn Kelly

Though the average person has a misty view of academic life, it, too, has its pettiness, stupidity, and greed. Thus, it is no surprise that "A Lament for Barney Stone," which deals with the harsher realities of academe, should have as its author forty-one-year-old Robert Glynn Kelly, who earns his living teaching literature at Indiana University. His interest in letters has also taken him on public lectures all over the United States, and even as far away as Turkey as visiting lecturer at the University of Istanbul.

Herbert Lobsenz

Herbert Lobsenz is a born and bred New Yorker who might never have been expected to have left the Big City. But after two years in the Army in the mid-Fifties, he felt the attractions of life abroad, and continued his graduate studies in England, Spain, and Italy. It was the very special atmosphere of Spain that influenced Lobsenz most; for there is where he set and wrote "Vangel Griffin," the 1961 Harper Prize Novel.

Wilfrid Sheed

The private world of an Oxford undergraduate that is revealed in "A Middle Class Education" is well known to its author, Wilfrid Sheed, who was born in England and studied modern history at the British university. Soon after receiving his B.A. with honors, the writer—whose parents are the publishers (F.J.) Sheed & (Maisie) Ward—worked for a while Down Under as a judge's associate and reporter for the Australian Broadcasting Company. Now thirty-four, married, and father of two children, Sheed commutes from Upper Montclair, New Jersey, to New York City, where he is associate editor and movie critic for *Jubilee* magazine. His published work includes a juvenile, an edition of Chesterton's essays, and articles for *The New Yorker, The New York Times Magazine*, and *Vogue*.

Jean Rikhoff

Hemingway-like in her love for Spain, Siamese cats, and the bullfight (she is an *aficionada* after attending more than 300 *corridas*), Jean Rikhoff has written a most un-Hemingway-like first novel. "Dear Ones All" draws more on Miss Rikhoff's Chicago childhood than her experiences in Iberia, where she wrote the novel on a Saxton fellowship in 1957. It was also in Spain that she made her first contribution to the world of letters—as a founder of *Quixote* magazine and its editor for three years. Now, following almost a decade in Europe, the thirty-four-year-old author lives with her husband and baby daughter in New York.

John Money

Shakespeare has not only been a love of John Money's life; he has helped the London-born writer earn his living. Following his graduation with honors from Cambridge, Mr. Money was an actor with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company at Stratford-on-Avon and on tours abroad. After nine years as a schoolmaster, the author of "The Impresario" has become at the age of thirty-six an adult-education lecturer; his subject, more often than not, is the Bard.

Robert de Maria

Utopia is far from the often sordid world of New York's Harlem and Morningside Heights. Yet that has not stopped Robert de Maria, a collector of Utopian novels, from setting his first full-length piece of fiction in the contrasting realms of the intellectual life at Columbia University and the earthly existence in Harlem. Today an assistant professor of English at Hofstra College, thirty-two-year-old de Maria did his graduate work at Columbia and taught at the University of Oregon before his present appointment. He is an avid traveler, a lover of Roman history, medieval art and literature, old movies, chess, hiking, cycling, and, of course, Utopia.

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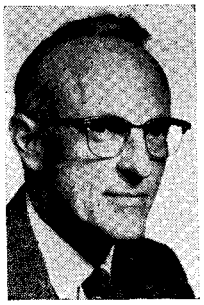
Stan Barstow

Son of a coal miner and a weaver, Stan Barstow, at thirty-two, has the free spirit of England's Yorkshire heath-country working class in his veins. It is revealed in "A Kind of Loving," which is about the factories, the pits and the mills, and the people of the West Riding towns. Barstow's gift for fiction was discovered by his wife, who liked some music notes he had done and encouraged him to tackle short stories. A sales assistant for a hydraulics firm, he has recently been writing TV material and more stories afterhours.

Prudence Andrew

London-born Prudence Andrew is the only first novelist discussed here who was drawn to the genre of historical fiction, her special lure being fifteenth-century England and Wales. However, love for the past comes naturally to Miss Andrew, for she took second-class honors in history at Oxford. After working for a few years in the Midlands and subsequently with the Nuffield Institute of Colonial Affairs, she married and set up housekeeping in Monmouthshire country, where she has been devoting herself ever since to rearing two daughters and writing.



Lawrence Hall

Probably best known for his short story "The Ledge," which won first prize in the O. Henry Collection of 1959, Lawrence Sargent Hall thinks of himself first as a teacher, then as a writer. Educated at Bowdoin and at Yale and now professor of English at the former, Hall has destroyed several novels and short stories in a quest for perfection. Nevertheless he is the author of a book about Hawthorne, and a widely quoted article in *The Reporter* on the Charles Van Doren case entitled "Eyeless in Wonderland." An avid sailor who knows every rig from Filipino "banca" canoes to big war vessels, Hall operates an old-time Maine Coast boatyard near his Orr Island home, where he lives with his wife and four children.

Doris Monthan

Although Doris Born Monthan has been spinning stories since she was a little girl in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, "The Thief" is her first published work. The novel is set in the deserts of Arizona, whose state university she attended before going on to NYU and Columbia. A resident, with her husband and eight-year-old son, of Altadena, California, Mrs. Monthan leads a triple-header life as housewife, businesswoman, and writer. She has traveled extensively throughout the U.S.—all grist for the last-named occupation.

Samuel Yellen

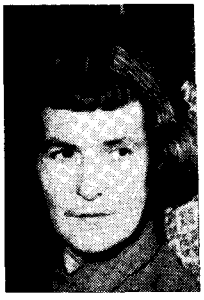
The immigrant household portrayed in "The Wedding Band" might well be part of Samuel Yellen's childhood memories after he was brought to this country from his native Lithuania. Now professor of English at Indiana University (where he has taught for more than thirty years), Mr. Yellen has a long list of published works: "In the House and Out, and Other Poems" (1952), "The Passionate Shepherd: A Book of Stories" (1956), "American Labor Struggles" (1936), and many articles and stories in *The Atlantic Monthly, The New Yorker, Commentary, The Antioch Review,* and other magazines.

Harris Greene

"The 'Mozart' Leaves at Nine," a story of American-occupied Germany in the late 1940s, draws on "three fascinating if grimly negative years in de-Nazification work," says Harris Greene, its forty-year-old author. After the war Greene became foreign representative in Italy for several American firms, but in his spare time he was writing fiction. It was a long, slow process, and he had almost given up in despair when a chance meeting with Irving Stone gave him encouragement to continue. The result is "The 'Mozart'." Though now a published author, Greene's life is unchanged; he has continued his job and his writing in Rome, where he lives with his wife and two teen-age daughters.

Bradley Robinson

Before he was drafted into the Army during the Second World War, Bradley Robinson had held jobs ranging from grave-digger to advertising agency manager. When again a civilian he married, settled in Ridgefield, Connecticut, got a job in industry nearby, and wrote "Dark Companion," a biography of one of Admiral Peary's exploration aides. After his two sons were born, Robinson bought a decrepit Victorian mansion, spent four years making it livable, and for the next two years wrote "The Mill." Now in his mid-forties, Robinson is hard at work on a new novel.



Elizabeth Savage

From "Summer of Pride" the reader might conclude that Elizabeth Savage has lived all her life on rolling Western ranches. Actually, she was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, spent most of her childhood in New England, and stayed there to attend Colby College in Maine. As an undergraduate Mrs. Savage began writing poetry and plays; later she turned to short stories, which appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* and magazines in England and Canada. Only after she married novelist Thomas Savage did she come to know and love the Western U.S., which was his home. And though their present domain is Georgetown, Maine, the Idaho mountain country still fascinates them both.

Lauren Stevens

Lauren Stevens wrote "The Double Axe" as an undergraduate thesis at Princeton in 1959, "in competition," he says "with a pre-grad-school German course." The novel is set in the Maine Woods, the Allagash, Moosehead Lake, and Katahdin regions, where Stevens camped and hiked a half dozen of his twenty-two summers. He got a taste of graduate school at Harvard, then decided to write full time, hoping to fulfill the promise he showed in college when he won the Mathis Award and Manners Prize for creative writing.

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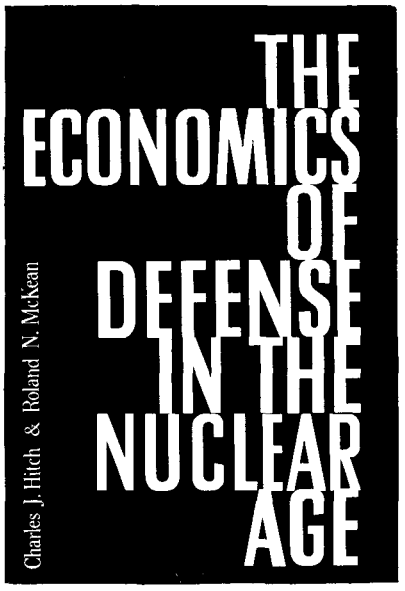
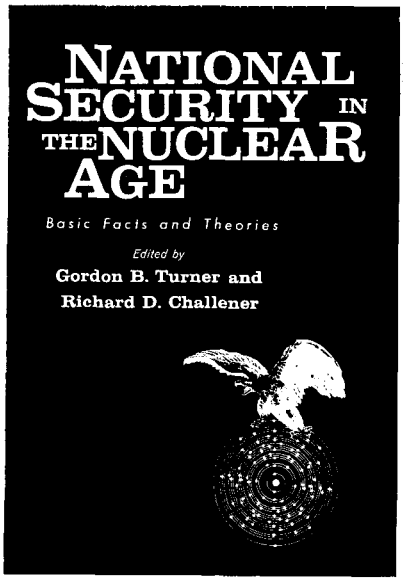
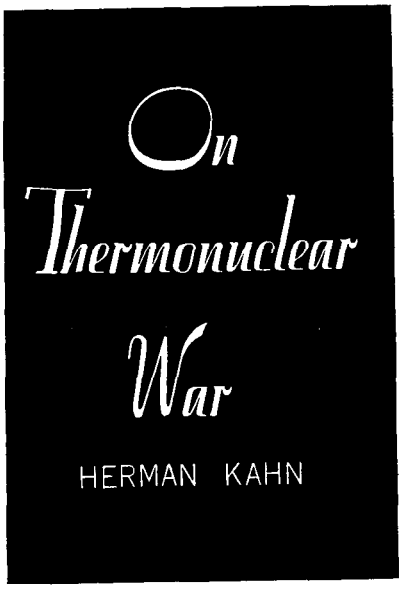
Books in the News







Roads That Bypass Peace

By NORMAN THOMAS, *chairman, Postwar World Council, and author of "Prerequisites for Peace."*

AS I write there lie on my desk two speeches at the U.N. by Ambassador Wadsworth in support of American proposals or steps toward disarmament. He is persuasively critical of certain aspects of Soviet proposals and effective in answering certain criticisms of ours. He insists on the sincerity of his government's search for "agreed and reliable disarmament." He assures Committee One of the U.N. that "we would like to see total disarmament of all nations under law."

Also on my desk lie three books on the general subject of military defense (no nation ever admits any interest except in defense): **"The Economics of Defense in the Nuclear Age,"** by Charles J. Hitch and Roland N. McKean (Harvard University Press, $9.50), a Rand Corporation research study that examines resources available for defense, the efficient use of them, and special problems like mobilization, civil defense, and recuperation; **"National Security in the Nuclear Age,"** edited by Gordon B. Turner and Richard D. Challener (Praeger, $6 cloth, $1.85 paperback), which deals with basic facts and theories as seen by seven civilian authorities, and **"On Thermonuclear War,"** by Herman Kahn (Princeton University Press, $10), which is far the most important title for the purpose of this discussion.

From these books and from a considerable mass of other material any reader, American or Russian, would not be justified in finding a strong desire for "total disarmament," much less any faith in its practicability. I do not refer to books and articles by the high brass but by outstanding civilian students of the arms race when I say that among these intellectuals disarmament is a bad word; what we should be thinking and talking about is "arms control," which may help us achieve a "stable deterrent" without depriving us of the power and privilege of fighting the limited wars which most of these theorists think are virtually inescapable for us as a great power in an anarchic world.

The experts whom I have read or heard about who support this general point of view differ in emphasis and on important details, but they are virtually unanimous in certain important respects. They assume dogmatically, with little argument, the impossibility of disarmament in the foreseeable future; and they eliminate from their discussion any examination of ideological conflict except possibly as certain conventional phrases, like liberty vs. dictatorship, may be an accepted mask for a grim power conflict that must be waged primarily in terms of military potential if not actual war. They accept unquestionably the amoral religion of nationalism, in which national security is a god sanctifying to its own ends whatever is necessary to its power.

I have come out of certain meetings and closed certain articles and books feeling as if I had been asked to understand and enjoy a weird chess game played by governments in which millions of human beings are pawns and our only hope a kind of double checkmate. Little or no account is taken of the fact that human beings, even the pawns, have some power of their own to move, and to blunder, which the mightiest dictator cannot ignore. Occasionally one runs into hope of something more. Thus Senator Barry Goldwater writes: *"Our goal must be victory . . .* we must strive to achieve and maintain military superiority. Mere parity will not do." The Senator's position is, in effect, backed by Harvard's former president, James Bryant Conant. He told the luncheon guests of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation that our safety demands that we make it plain to Russians that if they could destroy one-half of our "complexes"—he was not speaking as a psychiatrist—"we could destroy two-thirds of theirs." But a more usual position is some variant of a hope of "stable deterrence [in Professor Oskar Morgenstern's case] through invulnerable retaliatory power" in the possession by both sides of sub-

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marines equipped with Polaris missiles. Even he has the honesty on his closing page to admit that nuclear war will be more likely than not. Other writers would insist on adding "hardened" missile bases, difficult to destroy, as essential to invulnerable power of retaliation.

Some advocacy of stable deterrent is of a naïve simplicity: Let the nuclear powers frankly or tacitly agree that each will keep a definite number of the most terrible weapons in reserve under conditions permitting retaliation but not aggressive use. Then let them prepare with conventional weapons for limited wars. That is, nations mad enough to develop and to store weapons of near absolute destruction will be sane enough even in the heat of war never to use them. One argument for this "stability" through arms control rather than disarmament is that the powerful military on both sides might accept it as they would not accept disarmament. (That they stand ready to sabotage the latter, the American military, the AEC, and the Pentagon—and probably their opposite numbers in the Soviet Union —have given plenty of proof.)

This theory of stable deterrent ignores the fact that it is psychologically inconsistent with the politics of societies which by assumption still accept war as the final arbiter in an unstable and anarchic world of sovereign national states. In such a world science and technology, already so tied in with the fascinating business of finding power to destroy, will never be stable.

With this fact at least one able scoffer at the possibility of disarmament and advocate of a complex type of arms control would agree. In his latest book, "On Thermonuclear War," Herman Kahn is doubtful of any simple deterrent. He wonders who would limit the area and character of limited war, and in what fashion, once war was started even on a non-nuclear scale. But he thinks that "a symmetrical deterrent situation" requiring a military program combining an "offense force" —nuclear—and "a counter force" composed of many elements as "insurance" might have a "three-way stability" against a first strike, provocation, and accidents. He admits two major instabilities in his own suggestion: First, it encourages an arms race, since improvements in numbers and quality are of significance. Second, in most postures that do not involve "automatic mutual annihilation"—a posture which he is sure that we can avoid—"there will be an advantage in striking first."

Mr. Kahn deserves the most attention from those of us who believe: (1) that universal disarmament down to a police level under a strengthened U.N. is our sole valid hope of a decent existence for our race and (2) that such a state is less impossible to achieve than the arms control systems offered to us as a mean of survival in war if not of avoidance of war.

Most advocates of arms control at least allow us to think that it may be a stage on the road to disarmament. How doubtful they really are is shown by Donald G. Brennan, who, in the special autumn, 1960, issue of *Daedalus* on "Arms Control," writes on "Setting and Goals of Arms Control." He defines arms control "as a cooperative or multilateral approach to armament policy—where armament policy includes not only the amount and kind of weapons and forces in being, but also the development, deployment and utilization of such forces, whether in period of relaxation, in periods of tension, or in periods of shooting wars." Later he admits "the possibility of an actual reduction in arms; that is, disarmament, either in limited or extensive terms."

No such nonsense for Mr. Kahn. He writes at length and interestingly concerning various sorts of arms control that are necessary to acceptance of thermonuclear war and discusses a way of alleviating its catastrophic consequences; however, he takes pains to say that it by no means need lead to disarmament. But it will be very difficult to live in a world of the future unless there are implicit agreements on behavior, and explicit agreements as well, which will apply to the conduct of nations in war. Such hopes for arms control do not contemplate a stable deterrent.

The greater part of Mr. Kahn's latest book, made up from lectures given at universities and in briefer form before organizations concerned with peace, is given over to a well-argued, well-presented discussion of the proper strategy to follow in the arms race in a world where by assumption disarmament is impossible and war—at least on a somewhat limited scale—highly probable. Such chance as we have of avoiding large-scale war depends on the excellence of this strategy. We are lost should our opponents get the idea either that we would never fight or have no military defense except a capacity for massive retaliation.

What makes Mr. Kahn so popular in certain circles is his statistical argument that, properly prepared, we could survive a war even if it should be first begun by an attack that would destroy twenty to forty million of our people and all our principal cities. Perhaps "liberty," and certainly national security, could survive among the corpses. The survivors would not envy the dead. The United States could recuperate in ten to fifteen years—so as to be ready to fight World War IV, let

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

"TOBACCO" ISN'T THE ONLY ROAD

Characters in novels usually go places, and the word "road" is frequently met with in the titles of novels. Helene Nitzsche, of Maquoketa, Iowa, presents a cluster of such titles, and asks you to assign them to the correct authors. Journeys end on page 33.

1.	Peter Bourne	( ) "Wild Cherry Tree Road"
2.	Miriam Bruce	( ) "The Road to Bithynia"
3.	Jack Kerouac	( ) "The Mountain Road"
4.	May Mellinger	( ) "The Manasco Road"
5.	Jan De Hartog	( ) "The Road Between"
6.	Frank Feuille	( ) "The Spiral Road"
7.	Robert Wilder	( ) "The Secret Road"
8.	Victor Canning	( ) "The Golden Road"
9.	Harry Martinson	( ) "The Cotton Road"
10.	Herman Petersen	( ) "Rebellion Road"
11.	Bruce Lancaster	( ) "Flamingo Road"
12.	Erskine Caldwell	( ) "The Red Road"
13.	James T. Farrell	( ) "Tobacco Road"
14.	Theodore H. White	( ) "Linden Road"
15.	Frank G. Slaughter	( ) "Splint Road"
16.	Bernice Kelly Harris	( ) "On the Road"
17.	Helen Topping and John Dewey Topping	( ) "The Road"
18.	Hugh Pendexter	( ) "The Road"

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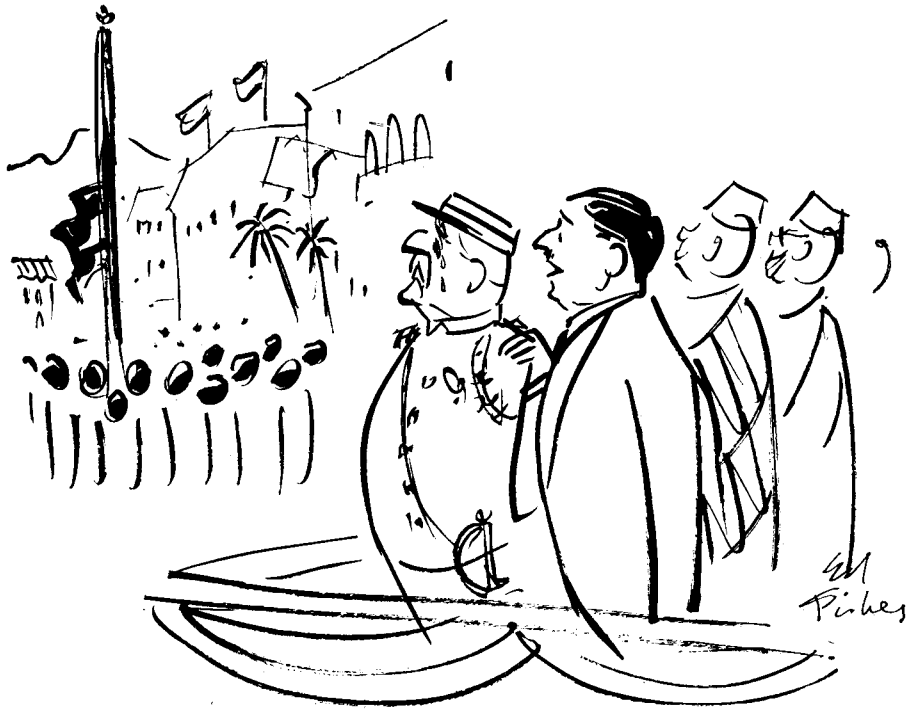
me add, with far better weapons than the sticks and stones of Albert Einstein's imagining. Of course, we already have nuclear weapons, to say nothing of the chemical, bacteriological, and radiological weapons which Mr. Kahn ignores, and these could bring something like total destruction. But in the madness of war, our enemy or enemies, Mr. Kahn surmises, would be too sane to use them. Against lesser weapons even "cheap" defense—Rockefeller-type shelters—would have some use, and Mr. Kahn implies that we can always go more and more completely underground.

Of this charming end to which our scientific progress is bringing us Mr. Kahn says little, but as Harrison Brown of the California Institute of Technology argues in "The Community of Fear," "if the arms race continues as it probably will . . . the new developments will cause people to burrow more deeply into the ground. Factories will be built in caves, as will apartment houses and stores. Eventually most human life will be underground, confronted by arsenals capable of destroying all life over the land areas of the earth. Deep under the ground people will be relatively safe—at least until such time as we learn how to make explosives capable of pulverizing the earth to great depths."

We, and doubtless the Russians, already have weapons capable of pulverizing the earth to such depths. As a well-informed citizen of Denver speculated in my hearing, the risks to his city latent in the fact that a "hard" missile base—underground—some eighteen miles from the city might mean Denver's total destruction by the radioactive fallout alone should a depth-bomb blow the whole base to fragments ascending high in the air.

Part of Mr. Kahn's hope for rapid recuperation is based on the fact that "the human fertility rate is high." Which suggests that in the business of persuading us how possible it will be to accept even thermonuclear war Mr. Kahn and the Rand Corporation have so far overlooked a bet. They should team up with Professor Heinz von Foerster, of the University of Illinois, who in *Science* for November 4th argued that without some controls we shall by excessive growth suffocate our race by 2026. What control of population would be more effective than a war of the magnitude Mr. Kahn is so sure that a large proportion of us could survive? (I hate, however, to think how popular Mr. Kahn's proof of power to survive nuclear war will be with the Chinese Communists. If we—or some of us—can survive, how much more can they? Kahn will be their answer to Khrushchev.)



"Now, now, think of it this way: we're not losing a colony, we're gaining a member of the family of nations."

It is at first hard to understand the obvious satisfaction these chess players, and their numerous kibitizers at well-financed conferences, get in this weird game. It is the national power, not humanity, that counts. It is that which never must be checkmated or destroyed. The pundits don't any longer bother to dwell on ideal values thus preserved. They do not feed us with old illusions that the next great war will surely be the last. They do not expect to destroy war by war. They deal with war's deterrence or prosecution in military terms regardless of the policies, our own as well as our opponents', that may lead to it or avoid it. Recurring wars are to them simply a fact of history that a nation on which the mantle of greatness has fallen can hardly expect to avoid forever.

ON reflection one can understand that this game of high military strategy has its own fascination, especially if one can train one's self to think in terms of nations and statistics, not human beings. It appeals to our basic conservatism, our acceptance of the time-honored institution of war, which our race has indeed hated but yet cherished for the profit, the power, the glory it has brought to victors. Moreover, we players and onlookers alike are worshippers at the shrines of anarchic national sovereignties, which have always demanded sacrifices of blood.

Besides these general considerations there are many exceedingly tangible reasons why very influential sections of our population should want, not a shooting war, but a continuous cold war in which they find profit, prestige, and jobs. How good it is for our powerful military services, the third of all our scientists and engineers who are committed to the arms race, and the five million workers who are wholly and directly engaged in it (the figures are President Eisenhower's) to be able to rationalize this employment as the only way to serve the national security if not the world's peace. Have not the wise theorists assured them that disarmament is impossible and talk about it dangerous save for such lip service as may quiet the fearful and the deluded?

Thus far I have been accepting without argument the general soundness of Mr. Kahn's emphatic conclusions that the next great war need not mean annihilation or even such misery and despair that the survivors will envy the dead. On the basis of his own facts, figures, and speculations—combined with his omissions—I have grave doubts. For instance, Mr. Kahn does not discuss the suggestion of a former high official in the Pentagon that part of the furnishings of Mr. Rockefeller's shelters should be submachine guns with which the *pater familias,* gathering his own family in his own shelter outside the reach of blast and fire, can keep from being overrun by frantic people far from their own hiding

(*Continued on page* 33)

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War Minister's Battle Well-Lost

***"The Private Papers of Hore-Belisha," by R. J. Minney** (Doubleday. 309 pp. $4.50), tells why Prime Minister Chamberlain sacked the man who democratized the British Army. Maurice Edelman, the author of "A Call on Kuprin" and other books, is a Member of Parliament.*

By Maurice Edelman

I WAS standing in front of Hore-Belisha when he died at Rheims in 1957. He had been leading a Parliamentary delegation, and had just finished an anecdote to illustrate the difference between the Gallic and Anglo-Saxon temperaments. It concerned two inscriptions he had seen in the visitors' book at the archeological site of Hazor while visiting Israel. One by a former French Minister read: "In this cradle of civilization another yet more splendid will flourish." Beneath it an Englishman had written, "Damn good lunch!" Hore-Belisha told his story, and then, halfway through a sentence on the need for Western unity, collapsed and died.

The place, the situation, the circumstances, and the theme could not have been more apt for the man. Like Disraeli, Hore-Belisha was an "ibis who had strayed into the English woods." Exotic and flamboyant, he made publicity respectable in British politics. He left a word to the language: the Belisha-beacon that marks our traffic crossings. He also left a mystery, which Mr. Minney's excellent book goes a long way to solving. Why, when he was at the height of his success as War Minister, did Mr. Chamberlain sack him?

He had democratized the British Army, promoted 2,500 young officers whose careers had hitherto been blocked by an obstinate system of seniority, secured the replacement of the aging Field Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell by the much younger Lord Gort, and pointed out to the General Staff that the Maginot Line was too short. In addition, he had become the benefactor of the rank-and-file by introducing welfare services such as had never existed before. The trouble was that the generals didn't like the brash Jewish politician who had himself photographed

—*Wide World.*

Leslie Hore-Belisha—like an ibis, exotic and flamboyant.

tasting soup in the mess or joining in a sing-song with the troops or riding a horse at a jump. They didn't like him telling them that the pill-boxes weren't very solid, especially when he told them so in front of their subalterns.

Perhaps if Hore-Belisha had taken Machiavelli's advice that "benefits ought to be given little by little so that their savor might last longer," his career would not have been prematurely shattered, and he himself doomed to silence in the face of ingratitude. As it was, he fell beneath the weight of his own cornucopia. The generals considered him a bounder, and Hore-Belisha, after leaving the War Office, was reduced to a few junior political roles.

Chamberlain thought highly of his abilities, but he couldn't stand up to the military cabal. Mr. Minney gives a remarkable picture of Hore-Belisha's final interview with Chamberlain. Why was he being sacked, Hore-Belisha wanted to know. Chamberlain shuffled, and didn't answer. Why?, Hore-Belisha pressed him again. At last, the reply came. A single, laconic word. "Prejudice." There was prejudice in the Command in France. What kind of prejudice? Hore-Belisha didn't press the point. It was the social "sin which has no name" among gentlemen. It was the prejudice of anti-Semitism.

Hore-Belisha turned for support to Winston Churchill, but there was no help from that quarter either, although Churchill too had a high regard for his qualities. Thereupon, the dismissed minister, who had been offered but had rejected the presidency of the Board of Trade, acquiesced. He could have taken a stand on the principle that in the fight against Nazism his surrender to prejudice was a defeat. But he recognized that his personal rebuff was merely a battle well-lost in the over-all struggle for victory.

Hore-Belisha reserved his affability for strangers rather than for intimates, and took a special pleasure in puncturing Blimps. But towards royalty he had the same deference as his admired Disraeli; and the passages in his diaries dealing with the Duke of Windsor illustrate his embarrassment when confronted by his King and ex-King. The Duke wanted to have the Duchess with him in Paris when he joined the Military Mission to France, but beforehand he wanted to visit the Commands in England with her. Hore-Belisha writes:

> 10th September, 1939.
> The King sent for me at 11 a.m. He was in a distressed state. He thought that if the Duchess went to the Commands, she might have a hostile reception, particularly in Scotland. He did not want the Duke to go to the Commands in England. He seemed very disturbed and walked up and down the room. He said the Duke had never had any discipline in his life.

The King was clearly worried by all this, and Hore-Belisha quotes him as saying that whereas all his ancestors had succeeded to the throne on the death of their predecessors, his was "very much alive." Hore-Belisha resolved this problem with great tact. It was his last opportunity to exercise it as a courtier.

He outlived his opportunities for ministerial service. He failed to get re-elected to Parliament as a commoner. And his peerage, given by Churchill, was only a partial compensation for the frustration of the dreams born when the young Hore-Belisha was confidently spoken of, with that most deadly of compliments, as "a future Prime Minister."

Few political novels have the excitement and tensions of Mr. Minney's narrative. His subject is a tragic one. But he has shown us its sublimities in a masterly manner that H.B. himself would have approved.

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The Fight for Red Domination

"The Khrushchev Pattern," by Frank Gibney *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 210 pp. $4.95), surveys international Communism. New York Times correspondent Harrison Salisbury wrote "To Moscow, and Beyond" and "An American in Russia."*

By Harrison Salisbury

THE COMING to power of Nikita Khrushchev with his flexible and, occasionally, even eccentric variations in foreign policy has brought new patterns and new problems into the sphere of international Communism.

During the Stalin era the role of international Communism had gradually declined from the high hopes and grandiose aspirations of Trotsky's day. From almost the start of his dictatorship Stalin distrusted international Communists—as, indeed, he did almost everyone. Under him the role of the movement beyond Russia's frontiers degenerated into little more than a convenient net for espionage and a sometimes useful instrument for exerting internal pressures in several countries.

But, as Mr. Gibney notes, much of this has changed under Khrushchev, who has sought in various ways to breathe new life into the Communist Party within the Soviet Union and has attempted to encourage more vitality in the movement abroad. To what extent he has succeeded is another question.

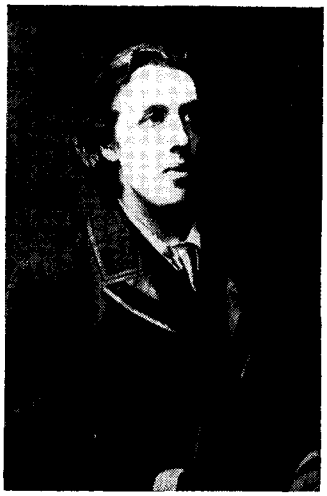
One thing, however, is obvious. The successes that Soviet Russia itself has achieved in the fields of technology, science, military power, diplomacy, and in better living within Russia have, in Mr. Gibney's faded cliché, given the Soviet Union and Communism something of a new image.

THIS has provided the Communist movement in many nations with new impetus, has led to a revival of interest and activity and to not inconsiderable successes. But it has by no means been an unmixed blessing. As Mr. Gibney rightly notes, the New Look in Russia produced frightening reactions in some of the Eastern European countries, which the local Communist regimes know no way of ruling except through harsh Stalinist police methods.

It is unfortunate, considering the present state of world Communism, that Mr. Gibney did not devote more of his attention to the opening vistas of competition between the largest Communist powers, the USSR and China. There is already conflict between the two, as we are seeing almost weekly. At least one of Mr. Khrushchev's motives in coming to the United Nations last fall was to solidify his own support among the East European Communists against his coming debate with Peking. His efforts were not entirely successful. He has lost tiny Albania to China and is retaining Bulgaria with some difficulty. These, it seems clear, are mere portents of what is to come regardless of how many "red summit" meetings are held and regardless of how many wall-papering communiques are issued, as was the case in Moscow last November. Ramifications of the split, of course, affect critically the local movements throughout Asia, Africa, and Latin America. This book touches only lightly on these matters. The author is at his best in his analyses of Eastern Europe and Africa; his chapter on the "muddled Middle East" is aptly entitled.

Mr. Gibney devotes almost one-third of his book to a country-by-country compendium on local Communist movements, giving the names of local leaders, size of parties, and brief data on activities. This provides a useful reference although there is great unevenness in the quality of material included for the various countries.

THE LITTLE BOY who wore dresses until he was almost four years old, because his mother wanted a girl, grew to be a tall, well-built, and brilliant young man. And as his name, Oscar Wilde, became widely known for his plays, poems, articles, novels, epigrams, and spontaneous wit, his genius was affirmed. Yet, driven by a compulsion to be different, Wilde assumed the role of an eccentric and dandy, and because of this was drawn into one of England's most notorious trials. Thus, the man who perfected the comedy of manners ended his career as a symbol of corruption. The story of his life, so abbreviated by the verdict against him in 1895, is told by his son, Vyvyan Holland, in **"Oscar Wilde: A Pictorial Biography"** (Viking, $6.50). Below are photos of Wilde aged two, at college, and a few years before his death.



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Footnotes to an Enigma

"The Man Who Is France: The Story of General Charles de Gaulle," by Stanley Clark *(Dodd, Mead. 256 pp. $3.50), and* ***"The de Gaulle Nobody Knows: An Intimate Biography of Charles de Gaulle," by Alden Hatch*** *(Hawthorn. 267 pp. $5), endeavor to humanize the President of France. An assistant professor of government at Harvard, Nicholas Wahl is the author of "The Fifth Republic: France's New Political System."*

By Nicholas Wahl

FOR TWENTY years Americans have had an ambivalent attitude towards the career of Charles de Gaulle. Our democratic instinct has been alarmed by his autocratic style while at the same time our traditional dismay with France's unstable politics has made us wonder whether this style is not, after all, the one best suited for our poor old ally. Since his return to power in 1958 the questions most often asked about de Gaulle have reflected this ambivalence. Does de Gaulle really want to use his great power to create the basis for stable government in France? If so, what are the chances for his success, and, if not, what then does he really want from power?

To answer these questions the long awaited biography of de Gaulle must show us at least two things. It must explain objectively the subtle relationship between de Gaulle and the French people—the reasons for his prestige as a crisis leader and for his impressive victories in three direct appeals for support in referenda since 1945. It must also show, subjectively, what de Gaulle's own view of this relationship is—that is, how he conceives of his role in recent French history. Unfortunately, the two hurriedly written journalistic biographies reviewed here strike very far from this mark. To be sure, since no biography exists in English, they do at least provide information, although both are brimful of the most easily avoided factual errors. Since neither the skill nor the knowledge were available to Messrs. Clark and Hatch, they have written what amounts to long magazine articles, repeating oft-told clichés about a great man, and even to the average reader their books are redolent of "official" inspiration.

THE books do represent, however, a fascinating case of comparative popular biography. Both authors are established professional writers of topical "lives," experienced with military subjects. Both have had little or no contact with de Gaulle himself, and both have obviously been obliged to accept uncritically much of the apocryphal, if not plainly erroneous, material they record as fact. Both, moreover, play to their national audiences: Mr. Hatch, the American, takes great pains to "humanize" de Gaulle, bringing him down to earth for his compatriots by painting an often extroverted man, romantic and tender in love, relaxed and *bon vivant* at home. Mr. Clark, the Briton, whose book first appeared in England, stresses the scholarly and intellectual lines of the portrait, an approach more apt to offset the ancient British myth of de Gaulle as just another French "man on horseback." Thus he manages to discover an origin for de Gaulle's novel military theories that is fully twenty years earlier than the General himself claims for them. And while for Hatch de Gaulle, like a good cadet, spent much of his time at military college carousing with comrades, for Clark the future President of France carefully avoided the same cafés in favor of extra study and meditation.

IF both books are written for easy reading, Hatch is nonetheless more entertaining, though historically less sophisticated and, alas, less correct. Clark, better acquainted with French history and politics, has written a somewhat more serious book, presenting a few interesting new pieces of information, though at the same time producing the greater number of factual slips. (How can he make de Gaulle a major general when everyone knows about his strange pride in having remained a lowly brigadier? And how can he transform those old adversaries of de Gaulle Jean Monnet and André Le Trocquer into close and partisan friends?) Finally, a last complaint in both cases must be made about the way in which de Gaulle's postwar political career is forgotten: one and a half pages for the turbulent years of de Gaulle's opposition to the Fourth Republic in Hatch's book and scarcely more in Clark's. And how is it possible to write an up-to-date biography of de Gaulle with only a few lines, in both books, on the second greatest "test" of his career—the Algerian war?

As the defects are similar, so are the qualities. The two authors excel in recounting de Gaulle's wartime and battle experiences. Clark is especially good on the First World War, while Hatch gives a first-rate account of the vital period in de Gaulle's life spent in German prison camps during 1916-1918. Hatch is also acute and vivid in describing the General's short yet brilliant combat record in May, 1940, while Clark neatly complements this with an interesting analysis of de Gaulle's troubled relations with his allies and

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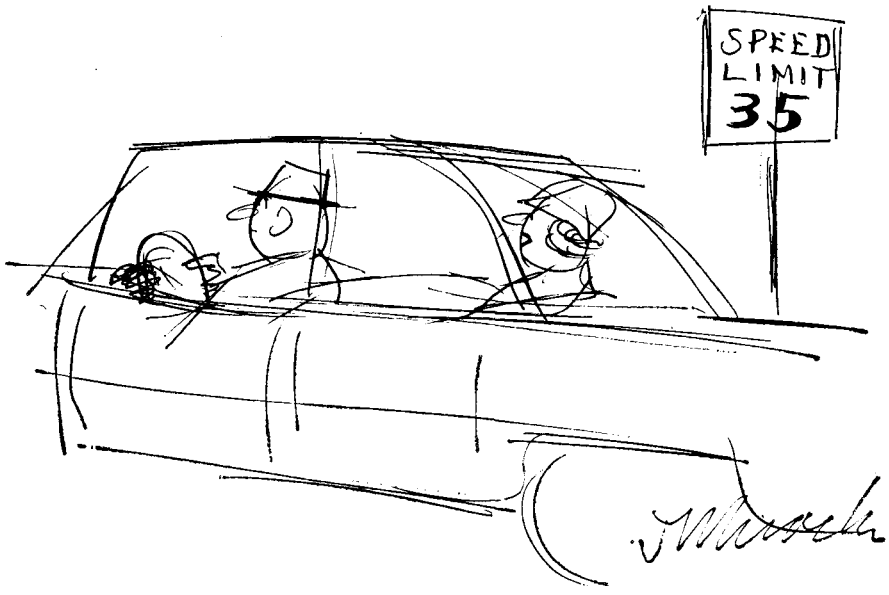

"You're doing thirty-six, George."

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JIM CROW IS TREASON

By JOHN CIARDI

THE VISITOR to the South soon learns that Jim Crow is not an issue that invites rational discussion. The Negro came to the South as cattle; the South has long since rationalized the guilt implicit in such animalization, and is now incapable of separating its rationalizations from its own sense of right and wrong.

I believe it is necessary, moreover, to see the South as a past-oriented culture. Here and there one may feel the stirring of a new industrial urbanized South, but the Southerner's basic cultural image of himself is still drawn from the cavalier tradition that died for the Confederacy. The animalization of the Negro is the sin of the fathers. Its worst consequences are so interwoven with an honorable sense of ancestral loyalties—which are themselves interwoven with doubts, guilts, and angers—that reason cannot readily touch the center. The Southerner will tell you that the question of the Negro is enormously complex, but the complexity lies in the Southerner's emotional conditioning rather than in the objective situation.

Which is, to be sure, complexity enough. That subjective complexity granted, it remains inevitable and necessary that the Negro achieve full emancipation. It is certain, however, that he will not achieve his emancipation as the result of a debate on right and wrong. The Negro is discriminated against by a force of inbred prejudice. He will be freed only by a force of history greater than the force of prejudice.

That force is now upon us all.

The South, of course, has its lines of defense. The issue, one will be told, is a local one. Only the South, the argument runs, "really understands" the Negro and "really loves him." Therefore, we are asked to concede, the South should be left to handle things in its own loving and understanding way.

We cannot so concede. The South cannot be left to handle the issue at its own pleasure because it has no solution within itself, but only temporizations and evasions. There can be no solution until the Negro has achieved full equality, and so long as the South remains nostalgic for the porticos and crinolines of its own lost image of itself, it will not tolerate equality.

There is no solution in looking backward. It is the fact of the present world and of the clearly foreseeable future that must force the issue. We do not live in the world today: we are encamped in it. The camp we call the Soviet bloc is about a third of the world, and growing. The camp we call the free nations is also about a third of the world, and if anything it is shrinking. These two camps are locked in a war to win the minds of the remaining third of the world. Whichever camp wins over that other third will have won the contest for survival.

That other third of the world consists of Africa, parts of Asia and Oceania, and Central and South America—the dark-skinned third of the world. Our survival rests with those peoples.

BUT how are we to win the dark-skinned peoples of the world to our cause of freedom and survival so long as a dark skin remains the uniform of peonage at home? Only as the American Negro achieves full human equality among us do we live in our best image of the American idea. Only as we live truly in that image do we have a world position from which we can win to survival. The problem of the American Negro is no more local than the rockets that will descend upon us if we fail him in his human cause.

It is pointless, of course, to pretend that the agonies arising from inbred prejudices are not real. But what agonies has the White South grown to that the Negro was not born to? Whatever the pains of the racial adjustment, they must be endured; the adjustment must be made.

If reason cannot speak to reason on this issue, then the greater need to survive must override the lesser need to persist in old prejudices. If we fail to integrate, we risk the possibility that the commissars will integrate us for their own purposes. No man can encourage that risk without striking at the national security. And what man can be so convinced of white superiority that he would not prefer a population of fully equal Negroes to a Chinese occupation force? Assuming there is anything left to occupy.

WHEN summoned by great need, the United States has always found such strength as has astonished even itself. The summons of such a need is here. Selfishly, as we mean to survive, and beyond selfishness, as we mean to live in our best image of ourselves, we must become a single people with no unemancipated populations. The determination of the racist to cling to his past must be met by the greater determination of the nation as a whole to enter a free and secure future.

Whatever emotional complexities have overgrown the issue, the issue itself remains simple and visible. Jim Crow is treason. No American can be allowed to blink away that fact. If we fail in this determination, we may have very few failures left us before we fail in all.

The Watcher

By Robert Pack

NO LONGING left, she reached her fingers out
And plucked the shade which rattled past her head.
"What is there now," she thought, "to talk about?"
With eyes still closed, "Let there be light!" he said.

Outside, the winter bush was blossoming,
Branches above snow-lit branch, with orioles.
And in her tightened throat she felt them sing,
Although the frosted window froze their calls.

She thought, "Are they the watchers or am I?"
And saw him leaning over her again:
The orioles broke, tumbling through the sky,
And all that feathered lightness took her then.

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Tom Dooley and His Mission

VIENTIANE, LAOS.

FROM the inside of Saint Mary's Church in Vientiane, Laos, I could see through the side door to the pocked and charred area beyond. Only a few weeks earlier the war had come this way and a dozen or more of the stilt-and-bamboo houses had burned to the ground. From outside the church, too, came the mixed sounds of the hacking coughs of old people and the staccato bragging of roosters. And at the back of the church, standing in the open doorway, were five bicycle rickshaw boys, caps in hand. They were peering over the heads of the congregation to the altar, where Father Matt Menger was offering requiem mass for Tom Dooley.

Inside the church were forty or fifty people, divided equally between Laotians and Americans or Europeans. Sitting in the front row at the right were three Laos Government officials and the counselor to the U.S Embassy. In the front two rows at the left were four mission priests, one of whom played the organ, and six white-robed nuns, who sang mass.

Father Menger spoke of Dr. Tom Dooley, his work, his beliefs, and the legacy he had left behind in Laos. He told of Dooley's last visit to St. Mary's, at 5 A.M., just before he left Vientiane for the last time. And he related events that emphasized Dooley's spunky and boyish qualities. Father Menger concluded by praising the work of MEDICO, whose name is synonymous with Dooley, and he prayed that MEDICO's work would continue and indeed expand in line with Dooley's own ideas.

After the services, people stood outside in small groups for several minutes and exchanged reminiscenses. Some of them wondered whether anyone would carry on Tom Dooley's work. Others speculated on the immediate fate of the two Dooley hospital stations in Laos if they should be overrun by Pathet Lao (pro-communist) forces in the Northwest.

FOR the time being, at least, both hospitals are safe although they are functioning with reduced personnel. The hospital station at Muong Sing, in the remote northwest corner of Laos, only a dozen miles from the Chinese border, has already been evacuated of all American personnel. The administration of the hospital has been turned over to Dooley-trained medical attendants. The second hospital, more recently established in the Western corner of Laos, is only a few miles from the Thailand border; evacuation procedures have already been worked out with the Thailand Government and with the hospital staff, to be put into effect on short notice. Dr. Donald Wintrob, an American, is still at his post and has instructed Laos medical attendants in the problems of independant administration.

All this is completely consistent with Dooley's own ideas. His intention from the very start was to set up a series of medical posts and turn them over to local communities. He was aware of the stern limitations involved in medical practice by field-trained personnel. In fact, much of the criticism directed against him by members of the medical fraternity was on the grounds that the quality of such medical services was bound to be atrociously low. What these critics failed to see was that many thousands of lives could be saved even on a low level of medical training. Infant mortality in Laos is more than 50 per cent. By introducing simple hygienic procedures, Dooley was able to save countless numbers of children. Similarly, hundreds of Laotian women who might have died in childbirth have been saved because Dooley-trained midwives knew something about modern obstetrical techniques and recognized the importance of washing their hands. Dooley also trained his Laotian assistants to treat malarial victims, whose number in Laos is legion. They also are trained to make tests for tuberculosis and other local diseases and to administer the indicated drugs. Apart from this, they are excellent first-aid attendants and can help avoid dangerous infections.

It is perhaps significant that many of Dooley's medical critics have not come forward with alternatives; neither have they volunteered to give up their own careers to serve at any of the local jungle stations that would be turned over to local personnel. The basic fact to keep in mind is that only one fully qualified doctor was available for the entire population of Laos at the time Tom Dooley and his mission first came to Laos. There were, however, thousands of witch doctors who made their full contribution to the high death rate, especially among women in childbirth. The proper comparison, therefore, should be between medical attendants and witch doctors, and not between medical attendants and diploma-bearing skilled physicians. Dooley was not just a doctor. He was an educator. And he knew that the success of an educator was to be measured by his ability to teach others how to pass their knowledge along. According to such a yardstick, Dooley may well have been one of the most useful teachers of his time.

Another criticism pointed at Dooley was that he himself was rather crude in his medical techniques. Dooley generally smiled when this charge was raised.

"They accuse me of practicing nineteenth-century medicine," he would say. "They are absolutely correct. I do prac-

(*Continued on page* 34)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE . . .

N. C.'s EDITORIAL "Notes on a Changing America" [*SR*, Dec. 17] has been brought to our attention. . . . He states flatly that New York is "now rapidly becoming the smokiest and perhaps smelliest city in the United States." There is no foundation in fact for such a comment. Certainly the statistics do not show this to be the case. . . . The Department of Health, Education and Welfare and the New York State Air Pollution Control Board have factual evidence of our efforts and the resulting improvement in conditions in this city.

Since the Department of Air Pollution Control was established in November, 1952, almost all pollutants in the city's atmosphere have decreased or remained stationary at low levels. The exceptions have been the pollutants from automotive vehicles, and in this respect we are no worse off than any other city in the country or the world; in fact, we may be better off, because for four years we have been pioneering in the educational program to cut smoke, carbon monoxide, and other objectional emissions from cars by stressing proper maintenance. This program has been copied in several other cities. . . .

The problem of air pollution control, as N. C. must be aware, is a complex one that needs constant attention. It requires action not only by government, but by private citizens. It requires, above all, enlightened comment and criticism—based on the facts. . . .

ARTHUR J. BENLINE,
Commissioner,
Department of
Air Pollution Control.

New York, N.Y.

LITERARY FIND

SR READERS MAY be interested in this story of a literary find: the Phillips Academy *Mirror's* discovery of Robert Frost's second published poem, a poem unknown to his biographers and long forgotten by Mr. Frost himself.

Last spring, when Robert Frost visited Phillips Academy as lecturer on poetry, he recalled that one of his earliest poems had appeared anonymously in the *Mirror*, Andover's literary magazine. He wasn't sure when it was published—sometime in the early Nineties, he said—and he couldn't remember the title or subject of the poem. But he did remember one thing: there was a bird in the first line. A search followed; "The Traitor" was found.

While there is no doubt of the authenticity of the poem, the circumstances of its composition and publication are somewhat obscure. As reconstructed by Mr. Frost, the story involves Ernest Jewell, one of his classmates at Lawrence High School. Mr. Jewell had come to Phillips Academy and, for some reason, wanted to publish a poem in the *Mirror*. The trouble was that he had not written any poems. He did, however, remember his Lawrence schoolmate, who was already winning local fame as a writer of verses, and Mr. Frost was happy to help him out. "The Traitor" was the result, written by Mr. Frost, but submitted, presumably by Mr. Jewell, and printed anonymously in the June *Mirror* of 1892. Mr. Frost forgot the matter, and it was not until many years later that a visit to Andover brought it to his mind again. He remembers, with a certain amount of wry amusement, that he told the story to the late Dr. Alfred E. Stearns, who was then headmaster, and that Dr. Stearns scolded him "like a schoolboy."

STEVE MOST,
Editor-in-Chief,
The Mirror.

Andover, Mass.

FOUND HORIZONS

I RECENTLY BECAME part of a group that fully accepts N. C.'s warning, in his editorial "Anticipate or Be Damned," that we must "see far enough ahead to meet our principal needs or die" [*SR*, Dec. 31]. The desire to survive and to capture the excitement and idealism of a truly new frontier has led a number of young men and women to plan for the establishment of a common society in Australasia in 1962. Philia, its name, is the Greek word for that bond of friendship which is the basis of cohesion in a community.

The members of this group want to escape thermonuclear devastation, but, more important, they want to build a community of a select 150 men and women (ages twenty-one to forty) whose form of social organization will offer humanity a more attractive alternative than the ant-like collectivism of the Chinese communes.

Those interested in building an experimental community, rather than in stumbling upon a Shangri La, may write to Philia, P.O. Box 1149, Washington 13, D.C., for more information.

RUTH E. HOWE.

Washington, D.C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

HAROLD TAYLOR, in his article "The Private World of the Man with a Book" [*SR*, Jan. 7], expresses so many arguments which in fact lead to the conclusion that education through great books is the best educational method that it is disconcerting to find him saying midway through his article that students "are not to be presented with familiar lists of the great books with an air of authority vested in the educators and the curriculum-makers". . . . I would like to think that I am being unfair, and that what Dr. Taylor means to condemn is not education by using great books, but the impersonal use of the great books which is the outline and textbook approach so devastatingly described in his opening paragraphs.

I would welcome more small, intimate bookshops advocated by Dr. Taylor, but even more I would welcome paperback editions of great books with ample margins for talking back to the authors and to the teachers who chose the books. But to speak of great books only betrays a tendency to be impersonal. Education should be a study of great writers, not of great books. Anonymous bodies of knowledge are as chilling in education as the anonymous prose of a bureaucracy, and I for one cannot thank Dr. Taylor enough for saying so.

ROBERT L. KEALY.

Oconomowoc, Wis.

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The Misfits: Epic or Requiem?

By W. J. WEATHERBY, *a feature writer for the Manchester Guardian who spent several weeks covering the filming of "The Misfits."*

"THE MISFITS" already has a place in Hollywood history as Clark Gable's last film. It is also the first attempt by Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe to make a serious film together, and, as they announced their divorce almost immediately after finishing it, "The Misfits" has a special place in Hollywood gossip.

So much attendant publicity threatens to obscure the thing that really matters—the film itself. Already a typical Hollywood response is: "What began as an epic for Marilyn has become a requiem for Clark." No mention there, of course, that, whether it is to be Marilyn's finest hour or Clark's last bow, "The Misfits" is still essentially what it was the first day the cameras began to turn—John Huston's production of Arthur Miller's first major work since "A View from the Bridge" five years ago [see *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES on opposite page].

Those five years have been for Miller the years of his marriage to Marilyn Monroe, and the heroine of his screenplay is an image of how he saw his bride. If anyone should doubt this, he should read Miller's recent short story, "Please Don't Kill Anything," in the *Noble Savage*. The heroine of that story is the same person as Roslyn in "The Misfits." For the last few years Miller has had only one heroine in mind. Yet "The Misfits" did not begin as a vehicle for Marilyn but, like all Miller's works, arose from a blend of an obsessive idea and a deep experience.

ON LOCATION—while filming "The Misfits" the company pauses to strike an old-fashioned pose; shown are Montgomery Clift, Marilyn Monroe, Frank Taylor, Arthur Miller, Eli Wallach, John Huston, and Clark Gable.

THE idea was central to Miller's view of our industrial society and perhaps sprang from his attachment to Ibsen's and the Greeks' conception of drama. Our complex, atomized society no longer believes in the rules of the tragic contest as the Greeks saw them, and any man who is driven to question the moral chaos in which we live is considered an odd fellow. Miller summed up this idea—even using the word *misfit*—in his essay "On Social Plays," published in 1955: "Our society—and I am speaking of every industrialized society in the world—is so complex, each person being so specialized an integer, that the moment any individual is dramatically characterized and set forth as a hero, our common sense reduces him to the size of a complainer, a misfit."

The experience, which blended with this idea to produce "The Misfits," came to Miller while he was cooling his heels in Nevada waiting to get a divorce in Reno from his first wife before he married Miss Monroe. He lived at Pyramid Lake, went to Reno only for his laundry and a little shopping, and spent much of his spare time with the friends he made among the cowboys. He went off on hunting trips with them, learned to rope horses, and talked about rodeos with them. Preoccupied with the searing business of a divorce, Miller was not conscious of gaining a valuable experience and he was astonished when it erupted a few years later into a short story (in which Roslyn-Monroe did not appear) and then into "The Misfits."

When he returned with the Seven Arts unit to make the film, Miller telephoned the ranches to trace a particular cowboy friend, an old man too independent to get in touch with the famous dramatist himself. Miller invited him to watch the film being made. After inspecting the staged rodeo and other aspects of cowboy life, the old man said, deeply moved: "You've made it all mean something."

What had Miller made the cowboy life of modern Nevada mean? Of the four characters in "The Misfits," three are cowboys trying to remain untamed by twentieth-century life; as one of them puts it in defense of not being regimented, "Anythin's better than wages." The fourth character is Roslyn, a gay, sensitive blonde who has had a rough twentieth-century upbringing (cf. Marilyn's own life story) and who is about to get a divorce in Reno. The three cowboys, played by Gable, Montgomery Clift, and Eli Wallach, are three aspects of the same idea: individuals set forth as heroes yet reduced at times to the size of "misfits." Which are they really? Perhaps the answer comes at the climax when Roslyn-Monroe rejects the cowboys' way of life because of their cruelty to the horses and one of them says, "It's like ropin' a dream now, Pilot—doin' somethin' cause you always done it. Just got to find another way to know you're alive." If a hero does not face reality and what life is rather than what he would like it to be, does he become a misfit?

THIS seems like an argument in favor of involvement, and the ending is in fact more hopeful than that of any other play by Miller. I mentioned this to him on location in Reno and he replied: "For a long time now I've wanted to make something of existence. It's tragic—after all, we all die here—but there's something in between. Gay [Gable's role] and Roslyn will die, but they can face it with dignity. They can do right, and not be like the jerks. It may not sound like much but it's taken a lot to get me to that point."

Hollywood, after a flood of phony Westerns, owes the world an eloquent, honest assessment of Western life in the America of today, and "The Misfits" comes very close to it. Miller has tried to do for the modern cowboy what Hemingway once did for the bullfighter. He has blown away Hollywood's romantic smoke screens and put the man into true perspective. It should be stressed, however, that if he has "made it all mean something," he has not put his predominant idea before his experience and merely argued an intellectual case; his characters are all solid individuals whose life comes not from a pat plot but from responding to one another.

This is one reason why Gable's last performance may have been his best. For once he played a complete character rather than a type. That he realized his opportunity—he was too much of an old pro not to—could be seen on loca-

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tion during his long, earnest talks with Miller about his role as Gay. Miller is dedicating the book of his screenplay to Gable, whom he sums up as a man who did not know how to hate. That might sum up Gay as well. The role might have been written for him.

Another reason for the film's promise is that it is not a Hollywood product in the usual sense. For once, the artists were in complete control; if "The Misfits" has flaws, they will have nobody to blame but themselves. Huston and Miller had as their producer no dollar-dedicated financier from the front office but Frank Taylor, a New York publisher, wise to Hollywood's pitfalls. Their only problem seemed to be the basic one of the film industry—how to give unity to the work of a team. It was easy to envy a Chaplin or Ingmar Bergman, who do both the writing and the directing themselves, when watching Huston and Miller struggling to reach a common vision. Miller was on location all day and every day, and then he would rewrite during part of the night, sometimes at Huston's prompting, generally at his own. Then he would read his new lines to Huston and they would argue over them until they reached agreement.

The problem in this compromise between two artists was to get as much as possible of Miller's original blend of idea and experience onto the screen. Huston, an extreme nonconformist himself and a man who is on the side of anything untamed, may not have fully sympathized with Miller's view of his "misfits," but his method of depending a good deal on inspiration on location and letting his actors respond to atmosphere rather than to dictation worked well for Miller. The characters were so accurately cast that the stars had a natural understanding of their roles and needed little direction provided they did their homework and understood what Miller was trying to have them say.

THIS was particularly so, of course, in the case of Miss Monroe. As she created Roslyn, she seemed to be explaining herself. She is a complex blend of mature career star and simple pretty girl, and each side of her came up in turn during the making of the film. Similarly Roslyn, so gay and defenseless and like a lost child in the early scenes, stands up to the toughest of the cowboys at the climax, like the most dominant of females. Miss Monroe has already proved in other films that she can convey the one side—the charming ingenuous side that the gossip columnists mistake for that of a dumb blonde—but the test of her as a growing actress will come with her attempt to show the other side, the mature side of Roslyn.

Arthur Miller: Screenwriter

MOST screenplays are of too technical an interest to be published in book form, but Arthur Miller's "The Misfits" is written in a narrative form that makes it easily comprehensible to the general reader. Moreover, aside from the story it tells, it is noteworthy as a serious attempt by a major playwright to conceive a work directly for the screen. In doing this, Miller would seem to have achieved something of a breakthrough. Serious writers have, of course, written for the screen before this, but they have adopted the conventions of Hollywood screenwriting and have attempted to cope with the jargon that kind of writing entails: cuts, dissolves, closeups, exterior shots, interior shots, tight angles, and the rest of it. Miller has dispensed with all this. In a foreword to the book (published by Viking simultaneously with the premiere of the film) he states that it is "neither novel, play, or screenplay," but that it "is a story conceived as a film, and every word is there for the purpose of telling the camera what to see, and the actors what they are to say."

Having had the opportunity to read the book, see the movie, and talk to Arthur Miller about both, it seems to me worth while to go into the matter of the writer's problem when he has the desire to say something in terms of film. Miller, of course, was in an unusually favorable situation to try something new, or at least different. As a playwright of large standing, he could easily interest the motion picture companies in any screenplay he might develop; and, since he was married at the time to Marilyn Monroe, there was the excellent chance that he could deliver her (with her outstanding box-office value) along with the screenplay, especially if one of the most important roles were clearly suitable for her. This happened, of course. The film has Miss Monroe acting as capably as we have ever seen her, in a role that requires more from her, dramatically, than any she has yet had to face.

A study of both book and movie shows that the "original" has been followed with unusual faithfulness. There is no essential difference between the events as we read about them and as we see them on the screen. There *is* a difference in impact. The spare, clear prose of the book is no match for the vividness achieved by the camera. John Huston's directorial emphasis may vary a bit here and there from the author's, but it is Miller's conception that he has visualized, and very well indeed—so well that the movie has moments of unusual power, and presents us with screen characters at once more lifelike and larger-than-life than we are ordinarily accustomed to in American movies. Oddly enough, the Roslyn played by Miss Monroe is slightly more vague as a character than the Gay Langland of the late Clark Gable, the Guido of Eli Wallach, and the Perce of Montgomery Clift. This is not to say that Miss Monroe is wanting in ability. She gets pathos into the role, and a very winning sweet charm into a great many of her scenes. She shows range, too, and it can be plainly announced that acting has by no means spoiled Marilyn Monroe. On the other hand, we lack the information about her that Miller has given the other characters. We know that she has come to Reno for a divorce, has been unable to "communicate" with her husband, and that she has been a dancer and a dance teacher; but beyond these facts, it is hard to visualize what she was before we meet her. Her past, in a word, is amorphous. Not so with the others. Guido, Gay, and Perce are clearly fixed. So is the older Isabella, played by Thelma Ritter. It is almost as though Miller has thought of Roslyn more in terms of American myth than of reality. Real she becomes, though, as the story progresses.

And that story comes through with unusual poignance, as the odd little bunch of misfits—people attempting to cope with the conformist pressures of the society they live in by maintaining a curious and pathetic independence—exhibit their strange variations of nonconformity. At the end, Miller, who has the group attempting to capture a small herd of wild stallions, sees these people in a rather hopeful way. Behave as they do in all sorts of unpredictable ways, they still have an essential spontaneity, and considerable strength. It's a most unusual movie to have come out of the Hollywood system, and one that presents the American West and the cowboy figure in a totally new and comprehensible light. Yet, based completely as it is on the written word, the movie is a much more powerful experience than what one gets from a reading of what I suppose we must call the script.

This was what I talked to Miller about. "What I wanted," he said, "was a vision that a director would see in

(*Continued on page 47*)

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

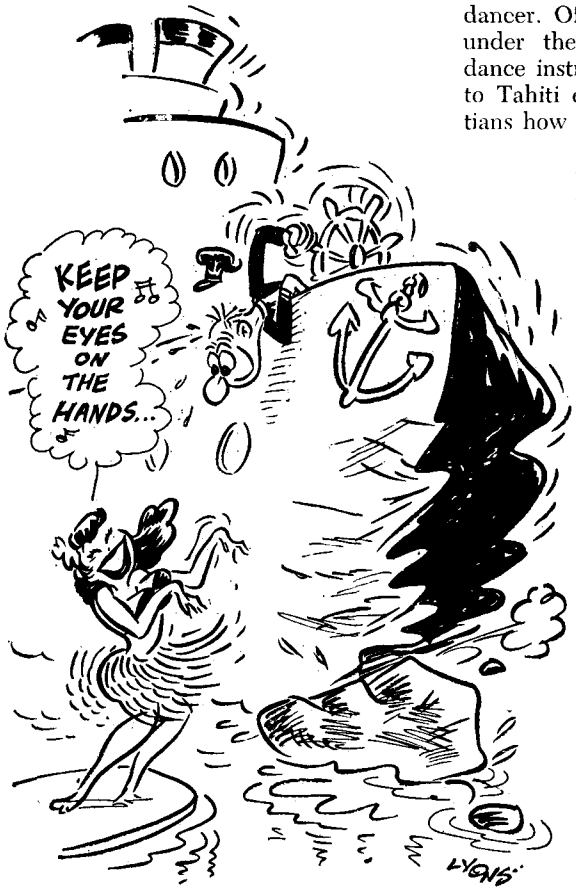
By the Beautiful Sea

HONOLULU.

THIS WEEK we bring you news of the Pacific, for we have been on hand for the tenth annual tribal assembly of the Pacific Area Travel Association, a bund of nations, islands, territories, and atolls, or, for that matter, any sand spit above the water line seeking to take boarders for pay. Swathed in batiks, poured into jodhpurs, wrapped in lava-lava skirts, they made an arresting sight along the beach at Waikiki. In convention assembled they made a miniature United Nations, except that there was little acrimony even during interludes of tense debate, and nobody banged a sandal on a table.

Many a matter of incidental intelligence was passed along to us as we slithered among the tree ferns, mai-tai in mitt, some of which we are able to record for the general public knowledge herewith.

TAHITI: There is trouble in paradise and it is not related to the new tourist program, nor to the new airport that opened for piston planes last October. The trouble is that a large company from MGM has arrived to make "Mutiny on the Bounty," which they have not made for some years now. Not only did the movie people arrive with a large group, but they arrived with a large bankroll as well, not to mention a flock of legal beagles who have been scouring the islands, pen and contract in hand, signing up talent. According to the French delegates, the cameramen also work after hours on a free-lance basis making private films that would get fine reviews at a smoker. The official day begins when the company sends a car for the girls along about seven; it returns them home along about six at which time they are too tired for their *tanes* and the *tanes* are peeved. Other people are peeved too, particularly anyone who had in his employ an English-speaking secretary or driver. Time is of the essence with the Hollywood people and money is no object. A cab driver who earned $40 a week, and thought he had been doing well, now makes a few hundred driving the stars and directors. A girl who was working at the Aimeo Hotel in Moorea for $60 a month is making $300 as a dancer. Of course, as a dancer, she is under the direction of a Hollywood dance instructor who has been brought to Tahiti especially to teach the Tahitians how to do the *otea*.



—*Harry Lyons (Honolulu Advertiser).*

There have been some misunderstandings about how the Tahitians would pose, since Tahiti is not exactly Bali in the old days. The movie people substituted long wigs for bras, which caused a few maidens to stomp off the set. Piracy is rampant, we hear. Prices are up 20 per cent, and the other day Papeete woke up to find the walls scrawled with the legend "MGM Go Home." When they do go home, next May, they will release 100 hotel rooms and thirty bungalows. Presumably they will also take home with them one Marlon Brando, who talks good French, it is said, and who seems to have fewer girls than the other MGM males. The speculative reason is that he is waiting to see who will be the *vedette*. Many have been promised, but none has been chosen. Whoever the star will be, her life is certain to be changed, and Tahiti for her will never be the same. Tahiti may never be the same anyway, not after MGM. And once they go home, the jets arrive, linking up with French jet service around the world. *Tiens! Tiens!* is the word from Tahiti.

HAWAII: Just as the conclave was about to open, a ship called the *Arcadia*, bearing some of the delegates among its 800 passengers, hove into view off Oahu. As has been the custom since the whaling days, a covey of hula girls boarded the ship to administer the proper welcome. Somehow or other the *Arcadia* became flustered over the Polynesian maidens and strayed onto the reef. At the Coast Guard hearings the people on the bridge claimed they had been distracted by the hula girls. The reaction was immediate and definite. The hula association met, fumed, and issued a statement denying that the grounding was the fault of the girls. Honolulu wags invented a new drink called "Arcadia on the Rocks." And the Honolulu *Advertiser*'s lance-wielding staff artist, Harry Lyons, etched a portrayal of the proceedings there off Waikiki, decorating it with an admonition adopted from the famed Hawaiian song "Keep Your Eyes on the Hands" (see cut).

While the hula girls were only there to wave the skirts around a bit, as has long been tradition, a tall young man named Peter Fithian has got the greeting business down to a science. We found him coursing the halls of the assembly with a small radio station pinned to his aloha shirt. With this device, he explained, he can get sudden calls from the head office of his company, which is called Greeters of Hawaii (cable address: Hawgreeter). By cabling Mr. Fithian, anyone can have delivered to anyone else a standard lei (plumeria, vanda orchid, or tuberose) for $2. De luxe service, $4.50, calls for carnation, fancy orchid, ginger or orchid carnation. Royalty service, $6, means double carnations, double ginger, Maunaloa orchid, or pikake. With the $6 service Mr. Fithian recites "Invictus" and dances a hora. He can also arrange to have anyone bombarded with papayas, mangos, bananas, birds of paradise, a bottle of Scotch, or menehune doughnuts, whatever they are.

INDONESIA: Only two years ago I was in Singapore when PATA met there, and making travel arrangements for the short run to Djakarta was a major operation in which the Indonesian delegation were not overeager helpers. For one thing, only six rooms in the large Hotel des Indes were available to the public, the rest having been occupied on long-term lease by the army; and for another thing getting to Bali was

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difficult because the planes were filled with troops. This year, however, the Indonesians came to the PATA gathering with a troupe of sixty performers, part of their "Floating Fair." The ship on which they were all due to float up to Hawaii broke a screw just after departing the homeland, and the entire company had to be transported to Honolulu at enormous expense, variously estimated between $60,000 and $100,000. Instead of performing under the Hawaiian moon, the Indonesians were under a roof at the Princess Kaiulani, where they uncorked a program of music and dances suffused with color, charm, and a ringing of bells that rattled the lobes. It was only a taste of what delights lay in store for those who would come to Indonesia, and, according to Sultan Hamengku Buwono IX, no effort is to be spared to see that people come. The Asian games are scheduled for 1962, and there will be a giant new hotel opened that very January, just one year from now. It is rising fourteen stories over Djakarta, will have 440 rooms, is owned by the Indonesian Government, and will be operated by Intercontinental Hotels, a division of Pan American Airways.

With those achievements in the offing, and the magnificent effort made in Honolulu (where the dancers and musicians also played twice before the public), Indonesia found itself tapped for the PATA meeting of 1963. How had it all come about so soon? Why had so much money been spent, so much of an effort made? The word had gone out from Sukarno, one observer said. He fears the Communists and he needs tourism. Whatever the reason, there even seemed to be a spirit of compatibility between the Indonesian delegates and the visiting Dutch. As for the bell-ringers, when last seen the young Sumatrans and Balinese were having a joyous time at the airport, before their plane left, dropping coins in slots, punching buttons, and watching soda pop pour into a paper cup.

HONG KONG: While the Indonesian delegates go home to prepare for the Asian games in '62, and for PATA in '63, the man responsible for next year's PATA session was heading home too, with just a year to get ready. He is Major Harry Stanley, the tall, mustached, handsome executive director of the Hong Kong Tourist Bureau. We conferred with him at length one night in a dimly lit, high-toned Honolulu hash house called the Red Vest. "Brigade of Guards, and all that, you know," he said. "Family's been in the military for seven generations. Quit it, went to Trinidad and drilled for oil. Would have made scads of money if I stayed there drilling, but suddenly, back there in the late Thirties, the word came down, no more pipe casings. We got our pipe casings from Germany and this only meant one thing to me, so I packed up and went back to England to rejoin the regiment. Regimental commander was an amazing type. Mustache all over his face. That sort of thing. I told him I was home to join the regiment. We were about to have war. He thought I was mad, absolutely mad. So I just joined the ranks. Family had an absolute fit when they heard it. We'd all been Brigade of Guards, you know. All of us over six foot, and now here I was in the ranks. Well, they yanked me out of that, but for punishment the army sent me through Sandhurst all over again. We were foot soldiers in the Brigade. Marching up and down again, that's what we knew. But we were disciplined, and they needed armored divisions, so they stuffed us, all of us over six foot, into those tanks. Got blown up three times. Back still aches, legs all knotted up, you know. Well what would you expect? In the Normandy breakthrough they sent us through a gateway not four times the width of this table. I miss the army. Can't help it. All those generations. Gets bred into you. But I find this work enormously gratifying and Hong Kong is a perfectly marvelous place to live. I say, when *are* you coming out?"

SOME SHREDDED COCONUT: The president of Japan Air Lines, Mr. Seijiro Yanagita, in a speech to the delegates viewed with alarm "the current U.S. dollar policy, which finds American businessmen being urged to voluntarily boycott carriers of other nations." . . . The Australians and the New Zealanders viewed with disdain the Princess Kaiulani Hotel, where bellhops took two hours to get one delegate's bags upstairs, didn't make up another visitor's room all day, took an hour to bring up room service, charged another eighty cents for a glass of orange juice, soaked its guests twenty cents a telephone call, and served up a steady diet of sliced baloney. "Shocking," was the way one Australian put it to us. "Why, we can do better than that in *our* hotels. I wonder what you Yanks are always complaining about down our way?" . . . It was all forgotten, momentarily anyway, in a welter of Hawaiian *weltschmerz* at the final banquet at the Royal Hawaiian.

On the bill of fare were such nuggets of Hawaiiana as Kupa Lualike Ma Pola and Haunaele Moa I O'Ma Me Ma'na Kiekie Kai Miko, known, respectively, in some circles, as double consommé en tasse with sherry and breast of Rock Cornish game hen, gourmet sauce, rissoto à la Turque. The show opened with that old Hawaiian ballad, "Thank Heaven for Hula Girls" ("without them what would malahinis do?"). The lights came up and the hula girls came slithering down a lighted runway rattling their feathered uliulis to the loud applause of the people of the Pacific.

—Horace Sutton.

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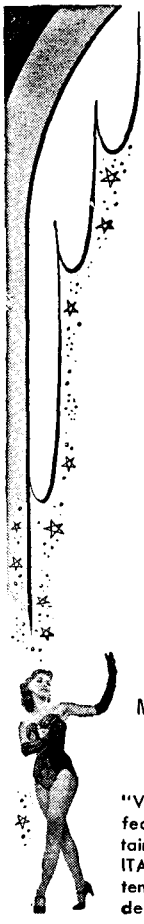

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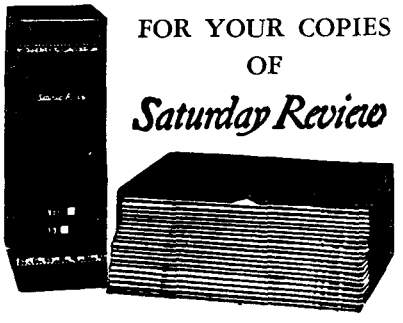

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Moffo in Verdi, de los Angeles in Wagner

LIKE water, an opera performance can rarely rise higher than its source—the impulse of the man who conducts it. The performances of "Tannhäuser" and "Rigoletto" which put a bracket around the week's Metropolitan activities were, on balance, about equal in vocal values—but the first was under the wholly qualified direction of Georg Solti, the second under the competent but noncompulsive administration of Kurt Adler. Thus one lingers in the memory as an excellent exposition of Wagner, the other as an evening of variable Verdi.

Much of the impulse in the "Rigoletto" was provided by Anna Moffo, whose first Gilda at her seasonal return showed her to be an even more interesting variety of Verdi singer than her Violettas of last season. For all the filial relationship of these Verdian sisters, the soprano who sings both is no common phenomenon—the last, at a ready recollection, being Bidu Sayao, and, before her, Eide Norena and Galli-Curci. As she went along, from strength to strength, Miss Moffo showed why. The good Gilda rarely possesses the balanced power for Violetta in Acts II, III, and IV; the good Violetta rarely possesses the kind of showy flexibility audiences expect of a Gilda in Act II (as the Metropolitan version calls it).

Here, however, is a soprano who happens to be an American (which is not a point of particular importance) with a soundly developed lyric voice that has both flexibility and body. It has been developed as a whole rather than with priority to a weighty middle or a thin, piping top. Her lower and middle registers are both pure and strong; the upper range has quality as well as agility. Miss Moffo can also sing a real trill, rather than settling for a quavery "shake." These attributes, plus a nicely controlled swell and diminuendo on a high B flat, earned a real burst of enthusiasm after "Caro nome" from an audience that had ventured out in a snowstorm to be present and wasn't at all sorry.

This is as much as can reasonably be expected from an average Gilda, but Miss Moffo is clearly unaverage. Her good middle and low range sound were not only a counterbalance in the first duets with father and seducer, but an arousing resource as Verdi's characterization develops in "Tutte le feste" and the quartet. Rather taller than the average Gilda, Miss Moffo looks well, moves well, and shows promise of developing real resource as an actress. Some might question the page-boy blond wig she wore, but if it makes her happy, well enough: she has much to offer otherwise to make her listeners content.

Some of them also showed satisfaction with Dino Formichini as the Duke, which suggests that taste is as much a

"I do think it's too bad he couldn't find a place in the Cabinet for that nice Peter Lawford."

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factor in operatic preferences as an opinion or a conviction. On the whole, it was more assured, technically adroit singing than he offered in his previous Nemorino in "Elisir," and there are several good notes in his scale, which is generally agreeable in sound. To my ear, however, it is insufficient in volume for a theatre as large as the Metropolitan, becoming all but inaudible in ensembles. He braved a top D flat at the climax of the duet in Act II, which was more enterprising than wise. As for his enactment of a rake, it would depend on whether the word was capitalized or not. The powerful Rigoletto of Cornell MacNeil could also be a deal more subtle, and may well become so with further playing experience. Bonaldo Giaiotti did what was required of Monterone.

What Victoria de los Angeles has to offer as a Wagner singer was artfully integrated into the last "Tannhäuser" to be conducted here this season by Georg Solti. This was, in the first place, a shimmering kind of tonal production to suit the rarefied character who is, in effect, a member of the angelic choir while she is still on earth. Nobody acquainted with her strengths and limitations would expect a de los Angeles Elisabeth to be impulsively dramatic or forcefully personal. This was radiant rather than compulsive artistry, with sensitivity, vocal suavity, and ample power where power is indispensable. In illuminating this side of Elisabeth's character as clearly as she did, Miss de los Angeles brought joy to lovers of fine singing, though some might have preferred a sharper thrust at the section beginning "Zurück von ihm," which was more a plea than a command. Certainly all would wish that her appearance could be amended to be less kewpie doll, more princess. Walter Cassel sang a robust Wolfram in a cast otherwise made up of previous principals (Hopf-Dalis-Hines).

IN another evening with the Orchestra of America, Richard Korn left unimpaired his record of not improving any piece of music he chooses to conduct. This time the damage was imposed mostly on a piano concerto of Richard Yardumian, in which Marjorie Mitchell was the accomplished soloist. This is prevailingly well written and has some workable ideas in its three-movement sequence, but there were extended stretches in the opening "Passacaglia" where it might have been a work for orchestra and dumb keyboard. Such a piece might well become some soloists, but Miss Mitchell is not among them. She should be heard as well as seen, which Korn's lack of control or insufficient ear for balance too often made impossible. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Fifteen Firsts

Continued from page 16

tion of particular lives is a tragic vision of life.

Lawrence Sargent Hall published a remarkable short story in 1959, "The Ledge," which won the O. Henry first prize. His first novel, "**Stowaway**" (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75), has the same sort of stylistic distinction, but in other ways it is something of a disappointment. It is the story of a cargo ship during and after World War II. First we see the excellent morale of the officers and men as they face the perils of war, and then we see the disintegration of morale and the final collapse of discipline following the war, when the ship is sent on a series of meaningless voyages.

Unfortunately, the novel never lays hold of the reader's emotions. At first Hall seems to be writing a collection of character sketches, often good in themselves but without narrative force. When at last he settles down to show the demoralization of the officers and crew, the story moves straight ahead, but the reader does not become involved, probably because the narrator is himself so completely detached. Restraint is obviously one of Hall's virtues, but here there is too much of it.

THE New Authors Guild was founded by G. P. Putnam's Sons last year for the purpose of publishing first novels and encouraging new writers. Doris Born Monthan's "**The Thief**" ($4.50), the fifth of the Guild's publications, is the story of a young woman who, after four years in a tuberculosis sanitarium, goes to Arizona. Here she re-encounters a man who had strongly attracted her ten years earlier, and they fall in love. He too is tubercular, and since, in his passion to do his painting, he refuses to take care of himself, the outcome is necessarily tragic.

This is an ambitious novel dealing with large issues of life and death and love. Unhappily, the author does not have the kind of literary power that such themes demand. She writes in an amateurish, exclamatory style, and she is often muddle-headed when she thinks she is being profound.

Prudence Andrew's "**The Hooded Falcon**" ($3.50) is also a publication of New Authors Guild, as it was a publication of New Authors Limited in England. It is the only historical novel on our list, and not a particularly good specimen of the genre. The piece of history Miss Andrew is concerned with is the conflict between the Welsh and English in the early fifteenth century. The hero, Aimon Beaumont, son of an English baron, begins by being sympathetic to the Welsh but ends by sturdily defending his inheritance against Welsh intrigue, treachery, and witchcraft.

Miss Andrew, who tells her story in a desultory fashion, does not have a strong feeling for the place and the time, and she does not make them interesting to the reader. As for Simon, he is at the outset a gentle youth, hating the cruelty and violence of the period in which he lives. Experience toughens him, however, and he becomes a ruthless fighter. Miss Andrew seems to think this is a change for the better.

Although he has published a collection of short stories and a volume of poetry, "**The Wedding Band**" (Atheneum, $3.75) is Samuel Yellen's first novel. He is the oldest of our fifteen novelists and, I am happy to say, one of the best. This is a portrayal of a marriage, the marriage of Meyer and Eleanor Davidoff, he an immigrant Jew, she a native-born Gentile. We see them through the eyes of their daughter, Alexandra, an unmarried college professor of fifty-odd, and, though the book is very brief, we come to know them.

Yellen, himself a professor, has devised for Alexandra a pleasantly academic style, which she herself satirizes from time to time. The effectiveness of this style and the assurance with which the characters, including the Davidoffs' three children, are portrayed make this a memorable little novel. Although Alexandra's recollections seem casual, the book has shape, rising to a notable climax. Yellen practises an economy that some of his juniors might emulate.

Harris Greene's "**The 'Mozart' Leaves at Nine**" (Doubleday, $4.50) is a purely commercial novel, a piece of unabashed if rather pretentious journalism. The scene is Salzburg, and the time is the winter of 1946-47. At the center is Major Jeremy Burton, chief of the Security Service of the American occupying force, and around him are his fellow-workers, as bold and resourceful and almost as noble as King Arthur's knights. Burton is in constant conflict with surviving Nazis and with the representatives of the Soviet Union, and in both struggles he is handicapped by some of his superiors with a taste for appeasement. One adventure follows another until everybody's problems are worked out.

Greene has a good journalist's ability to render secondary details, and he knows how to keep his story moving. But most of his characters are stereotypes, and none is fully developed. His language, too, is full of clichés, and his writing is often slovenly. To make matters worse, the book has many typographical errors.

In "**A Kind of Loving**" (Doubleday, $3.95) Stan Barstow has allowed a young Englishman, Victor Brown,

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twenty years old, son of a Yorkshire coal miner, to tell his own story. The style is colloquial and lively, and Mr. Barstow even gets away with the historical present, a risky device.

This is the story of a fundamentally decent, rather romantic young man, who blunders into an unhappy love affair and a bad marriage. Barstow traces the relationship between Vic and Ingrid with considerable subtlety. He has dared to take a commonplace theme and to present it in the most matter-of-fact and even banal terms, and he has made of it something fresh and moving. He refuses to romanticize his lovers, and he also refuses to see them as merely dull or wholly desperate. This is a first novel worth reading, and Barstow is a writer to be counted on.

Like Jean Rikhoff's "Dear Ones All," Elizabeth Savage's "**Summer of Pride**" (Little, Brown, $3.95) is the story of a family—the Olivers, four generations of them, who live on or are supported by a large ranch in Idaho. Matt Oliver, thirty-four years old, runs the ranch and dominates the family. In the course of the summer there are many incidents involving various members of the family, but the chief event is the visit of Elizabeth Stanton, a young teacher with whom Paul Oliver, Matt's younger brother, is in love. A stupid young woman, though she prides herself on her intelligence, Elizabeth precipitates a series of crises, but in the end she hurts herself more than anyone else.

Mrs. Savage does not have either Miss Rikhoff's firm grasp of family relationships or her rigorous honesty, and sometimes she falls back comfortably on the platitudes of the serials in the women's magazines. Moreover, she shamelessly loads the dice against poor Elizabeth, who makes a fool of herself in a number of unnecessary and improbable ways. It's a reasonably pleasant book to read but superficial.

Lauren R. Stevens, who was graduated from Princeton last June, is the youngest of the fifteen. "**The Double Axe**" (Scribners, $3.95) has been given a Maxwell E. Perkins commemorative award, and it deserves recognition, for it is an excellent example of what people have in mind when they talk about a novel of promise. Stevens has something to say and his own way of saying it, and, young as he is, he comes reasonably close to doing what he wants to do.

"The Double Axe" describes some thirty years in the lives of Henry Sawyer and his wife Pasiphy, who, as disciples of Thoreau, go to live in a Maine wilderness. It is by no means a perfect novel. Stevens has chosen to tell it rigorously from Henry's point of view, and since Henry does not understand Pasiphy, neither do we. It may also be doubted whether Stevens has insight enough to enter into the mind of the aging Henry. And there are weak spots in the writing. But certainly the book is a remarkable achievement for a twenty-two-year-old, and, what is more, it is the kind of book that makes one feel confident about the author's future.

The fourth of the English novelists is John Money, author of "**The Impresario**" (Morrow, $3.75). The impresario is Bill Pleasance, who owns a theatre, though the title chiefly refers to his talent for managing other people's lives. In the war, as a sergeant, he managed his commanding officer, whose wife he subsequently married. His genius for management continued to express itself in a variety of ways, but his great stumbling block was his stepson, the one person for whom he had a deep affection. The unhappy and eventually disastrous working out of this relationship is the theme of the book.

Money is a competent writer, posing his problem neatly and developing it with considerable skill, and yet the book is a disappointment. Perhaps part of the difficulty arises from the fact that Money has chosen to tell the story from the point of view of a man who is at the beginning a complete outsider and never becomes deeply involved. Donald Beamish, a young teacher, sees a good deal but feels only a little. The reader doesn't feel much either, only enough to make him realize that he ought to be feeling more.

Bradley Robinson's "**The Mill**" (Random House, $4.95) is an ambitious, energetic, chaotic book, impressive in spite of large faults. It opens with a picnic given by the management of a textile mill in Massachusetts. A feeble-minded girl disappears in the course of the picnic, and some of her clothing is found in a quarry. The problem of what has happened to Cissie runs through the novel, but twenty other themes emerge. Finally, on a true *Walpurgisnacht*, with a flood, several deaths, and a self-mutilation, the mystery is solved.

There is power in the book, but it is power that is constantly getting out of control. Robinson throws his characters at the reader, who never gets a chance to know them. Episode piles upon episode. The style is vigorous, colloquial, sometimes experimental, never careless but always impetuous. I cannot hold this up as a model novel, but it does make some of the books I have been talking about seem rather pale.

And so we come to the final reckoning. We have one really fine novel, which is, of course, Jean Rikhoff's "Dear Ones All." Two others, though not so impressive, are worth anybody's time: Samuel Yellen's "The Marriage Ring" and Stan Barstow's "A Kind of Loving." Two (Robert de Maria's "Carnival of Angels" and Lauren Stevens's "The Double Axe") are works of unmistakable promise. Three, which needn't be specified, don't seem to me worth publishing. The others spread out in the middle, ranging from Lawrence Hall's "The Stowaway," which has many fine qualities, to Elizabeth Savage's "Summer of Pride," which just gets by.

One thing I like is the variety; I defy anyone to discover a tendency. I also like the fact that all but two or perhaps three of these fifteen novelists are quite serious about what they are doing. Naturally, I wish there were more first-rate books, but I'm pleased that there is as much talent as there is. I'm also pleased that so many publishers have recognized talent and been willing to bet on it.

"Do me a favor, Mrs. Rappaport, and turn vegetarian."

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Books in the News

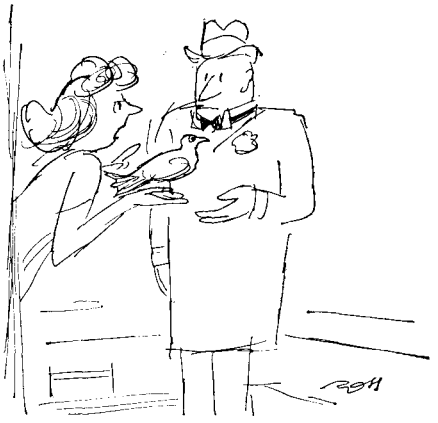
Continued from page 19

places. He assumes too easily a possible "moderate" first attack and at least a breathing space after it. He is too confident of the will and capacity of a nation to carry on after the slaughter in a matter of hours of all its principal cities and the death of twenty to forty millions of its people. He does not discuss at all adequately the psychology of alarm in a world at war, where individual soldiers or spies can carry on their person, if they are ready to die for their country, chemical, bacteriological, and even nuclear weapons of appalling destructive power. He recognizes, but scarcely gives sufficient weight to, the brutal stupidity of great wars. He expects too much common sense in combatants crazy enough to risk war in the nuclear age. He should remember how caustic is the British authority General J. F. C. Fuller in his "Military History of the Western World" on the stupidity of all governments in prolonging World War I, in which they all lost. Along these and other lines Mr. Kahn's and similar arguments need a closeness of examination that the Rand Corporation is unlikely to finance.

My immediate contention is that the American public—if it can be persuaded to stop, look, and listen—would not find Mr. Kahn's condition of survival at all tolerable. The people might begin to identify with the twenty to forty million dead, or have a more imaginative association with the misery of the survivors. They may give more weight than Mr. Kahn does to his admission that his war, which we could survive, would make the world "more hostile for human life for 10,000 years."

Even limited wars, after Korea, have few charms. (Some of us are painfully beginning to wonder how much better off materially and spiritually are the South Koreans, after their great sacrifice and ours, than their kinsmen in the North.) Robert E. Kuenne, writing on "Economic Foundations of National Security" in the book "National Security in the Nuclear Age," admits that these limited wars in distant lands are "likely to result in such ways that appeals to patriotism and self-sacrifice are only minimally possible," and that the ability of our government to get resources for them will be endangered.

In other words, the people, aroused to Mr. Kahn's own picture, may begin to wonder if universal disarmament under a strengthened U.N. may not be less difficult to achieve and maintain than stable arms control. Granting that such disarmament would require certain measures of inspection and policing, and provision of some alternatives to war, could it not more easily be made relatively more secure, and we safer, under the world's acceptance of its importance to life, than under any of the conflicting forms of deterrence and arms control that our theorists present?



"Follow him home."

But what is shocking in all this arms theorizing is the underlying assumption, without argument, that our national power in the world is in terms of human values worth a war that we might survive so perilously, or that any real, human values can be preserved or won by it. India won freedom from England by Gandhian methods of nonviolent resistance and lost much of its value by popular resort to the old methods of violence in loyalty to competing religions. Has the lesson no meaning for us all? Some of the world's problems most acutely affecting the peace and well-being of mankind arise from the demand of exploited masses for economic betterment. Neither Khrushchev's answer nor ours can be given by missiles, and Khrushchev's apparent greater eagerness than ours for universal disarmament is a positive advantage to him. He could afford to circularize many of our discussions of "arms control" in Latin America to his advantage.

Mr. Kahn and his fellow theorists have done something to convince me that a substantial part of the human race may survive World War III; they have not convinced me that mankind deserves to survive if it is capable of the horrors of destruction for which we prepare ourselves at such material and spiritual cost. And why? Merely that we may begin again the cycle of recuperation and preparation for new slaughter in the strife of garrison states worshipping at the altars of National Power.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 16, 15, 14, 8, 13, 5, 11, 1, 6, 17, 7, 18, 12, 2, 4, 3, 10 or 9, 9 or 10.

A note to authors and agents

• The assiduous cultivation of new literary talent is, despite the explosive sales of synthetic books, the fundamental determinant for the continuing success of any publishing house. It was with this in mind that Houghton Mifflin established in 1935 The Literary Fellowship Award — an award specifically for the young writer.

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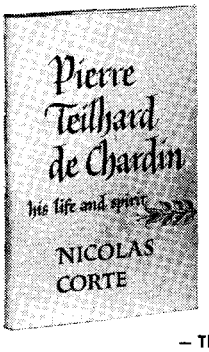
The life and work of a great man . . .



"[This] biography by Nicolas Corte offers a brief but excellent study of Teilhard the man, the scientist-philosopher, and priest. This book gives more than a factual account of the life and work of a great man; it is a heart-warming example of admiration tempered with objective criticism."
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Catalysts

Continued from page 22

the French underground during World War II.

And, of course, both books abound in amusing, if often dubious, anecdotes, some difficult to believe, all worthwhile reading if only for what they tell us of the evolving French image of Charles de Gaulle. Thus Clark notes that during the war an aide could remark about the tense and preoccupied de Gaulle, "There must be something wrong with him—he asked me how I was!" Ten years later another aide, according to Hatch, could report on how a whimsical and relaxed de Gaulle ventured a bit of satirical clowning after viewing an American "western."

But what is needed, above all, is not an effort at humanizing the man, or even simply recalling the facts of his career. We need, rather, to be shown how de Gaulle's early life prepared him to play his wartime role as France's substitute for national self-respect; how during that war he carefully made himself the symbol of a synthetic myth that still commands the loyalty of Frenchmen; how de Gaulle's motives still remain those of the early romantic nationalist while continuing to express themselves in a moderate form, always suited to changing circumstances. When this is finally done the mistake of considering de Gaulle a "mystery" will be demonstrated. Indeed, history probably will teach that Charles de Gaulle was not even complex. It may show, rather, that the simplicity of his motives, the steadfastness of his will, the magnitude of his self-confidence, and the classical nature of his other virtues only appeared complex and mysterious to a twentieth-century world whose insecurity and ambivalent motivations had long made it unused to such antique qualities.

Editorial

Continued from page 24

tice nineteenth-century medicine, and it doesn't trouble me. And when I turn over a station to Laotian personnel I am sure it will be eighteenth-century medicine. This offers at least a little service to people who are living in the fifteenth century."

LIKE Albert Schweitzer, whose life and work were the inspiration that propelled the young doctor in the direction of Laos, Tom Dooley had to withstand the criticism of those who were appalled by the physical appearance of his "hospital." And, like Schweitzer, he was wise enough to know that a gleaming modern hospital in the jungle would be a waste of money; it would frighten the frayed shirts off the backs of the villagers who had never before seen anything larger than a double-sized shack.

"My purpose is not to treat Americans in a marbled hospital palace in downtown Manhattan," he once said. "My purpose is to bring some help to people who wouldn't have it otherwise. And I want to use every cent I can for services and basic facilities. I certainly don't want to build a mirror image of an American hospital. I have no desire to mimic someone else's staff." On a nonmedical basis, Dooley had the book thrown at him because of his personal manner. They said he was addicted to short cuts, got in the way of established authority, was too arbitrary, was a little too flamboyant, and was not above self-advertising. The answer, if an answer is needed, is: so what? What is important about Tom Dooley is that he tried to meet the highest need of his age or any age, which is for a sense of connection between man and man. Of course he cut corners; he had to. As Schweitzer has frequently said and as Dooley himself has repeated, anyone who has a genuine desire to serve cannot expect people to roll boulders out of his way. Even if Dooley's mission in Asia were a total failure, which it is not, he would have valid claim to greatness because he made it possible for many thousands of people to be rescued from the cynicism and dry-eyed attitude that regards service in the cause of man as mawkish ostentation. Dooley was supremely relevant in a moral cause. He could have been the world's most temperamental man and this would not have detracted by the thinnest sliver from the magnificence of his ideas and his work.

TOM DOOLEY liked to refer to Laos as his home. "I want to get home before Christmas," he said after he had been operated on for cancer of the lung in New York in the fall of 1959. And again in November 1960, when he collapsed in Hong Kong and had to be hospitalized, he insisted on returning to Laos to be with his staff at Christmas. He lied his way out of the Hong Kong hospital even though parts of his vertebrae had been eaten away by cancer. He got as far as Bangkok the week before Christmas and arranged for a plane to fly him to his hospital station at Ban Houei Sai. He almost made it. But the poison was now galloping through his body. For almost five days at Bangkok he could take nothing except a few sips of tomato juice. And still he insisted he was able to fly to Ban Houei Sai.

THE day before Christmas, Dooley announced he was ready to go. They carried him out to the airfield but he passed out before they could get him into the small plane. And soon they took him back to Bangkok. Most of his wish was fulfilled, however. The doctors on his staff flew down to Bangkok and spent Christmas day with him. This had a tonic effect. He joked with them in a semblance of the old Dooley and teased Dr. Estelle Hughes, the only woman doctor on his staff, and in all Laos for that matter. He said he was going home for mechanical repairs. The next day he was bundled into a Pan American jet in which a comfortable bed had been improvised out of two seats.

The news of his death reached Laos only a few hours after it happened. Wars don't stop because one man dies, but all those who heard of Dooley paused to think about a young American doctor who had a big idea and knew how to bring it to life. There can be no question that his work here will be sustained and indeed enlarged. —N.C.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 915

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 893 will be found in the next issue.

K ADGBOKECDFHLH MB
KEB PCDFG EKHF QPLRS
MF FKOXFG CP OTFRR.
KEPEBHPLO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 914

He knew the precise psychological moment when to say nothing.
—OSCAR WILDE.

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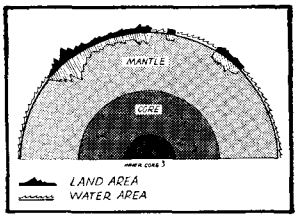

—Doug Anderson

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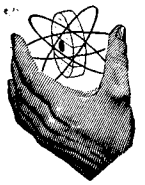

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait—LIX • The Research Frontier • Science in Books

ARTICLES: Payola for Physicians

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

CANADA'S CONTINENT-SPANNING LOOK INSIDE EARTH

IT IS almost un-American to entertain the notion that another land or another people has something better than ours. This ugly conceit is as prevalent in science as elsewhere in American society. There was, therefore, nothing at all unusual about the "Mohole" symposium that took place during the 1960 meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science last Christmas week. "Mohole" is an American invention, not only the word itself but the definition. "Moho" being a rude contraction of the name of the Yugoslavian scientist, Dr. A. Mohorovicic (who in 1909 deduced from earthquake waves that the topmost crust of the Earth must be somehow different in its composition from the planetary mantle immediately beneath the crust), "Mohole" spells out its own meaning: a hole drilled through the crust to the point of discontinuity between the crust and whatever it is that lies below. "The Mohole Project," then, is an experiment in very deep drilling. It is strictly American. At the AAAS meeting in New York in December it was discussed as though it were man's sole hope of learning what the Earth looks like inside.

Actually, "The Mohole" is only one of many approaches to accurate understanding of the planet's internal makeup and behavior. For reasons that will be explained later, it may and probably will turn out to be *the decisive experiment* in this area of geophysics. But its importance at this moment is being overblown. Not even rightly started yet, it will be, after it is started, merely a phase in a world-wide study of Earth's upper mantle, and it will be considerably less of a contribution in proportion to the country's monetary wealth and natural resources than the continent-spanning experiment already begun by Canada.

Canada, it should be remembered, is the third largest national parcel of real estate on the globe. China and Russia alone exceed its area of 3,845,144 square miles. It reaches across 4,000 linear miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, encompasses six zones of standard time (there are four between Maine and California), and occupies almost twice as much of the planet's surface between the north pole and the equator as does the United States. Blessed with an incredible storehouse of natural riches, Canada has a nagging problem: shortage of people. Its population totals 18 million and is concentrated thickly within a 400-mile-wide belt along the Yankee border. Heretofore, the vast emptiness of the northland, permanently frozen to depths of hundreds of feet (see map, page 38), has been a cause for chagrin throughout the Dominion. But that very loneliness is now coming to be treasured as a gift to mankind.

IF the human species is not to blow itself backward into the cave, it must somehow re-establish faith in its own reasonableness. Mistrust is everywhere, and men everywhere are trying to invent a language that will penetrate their mutual suspicions. Scientists especially are active in this searching, and the language the geophysicists have hit upon is the rumbling of the Earth. The planet is impartial to all its children; it speaks to them all in the same tone of voice.

Unfortunately for his personal comfort at this instant in time, man has learned to mimic earthquakes with explosives. With nuclear bombs, the imitation is so close to exact that it sometimes cannot be distinguished from the real thing. As long as such deception is possible, no system of detecting clandestine war preparations can be trusted. Theoretically, however, there ought to be a fundamental difference between earthquakes and surface or underground bomb explosions. The energy released by bombs compresses whatever surrounds it in all directions. Earthquakes are assumed to be the result of released energy which pushes in some directions and pulls in others. The problem is how to tell the pushes from the pulls when the variations are infinitesimal, as they sometimes are in small tremors of a scale comparable to the most up-to-date midget A-bombs.

NOW in dealing with explosives which he himself has made, the scientist knows exactly what he is loosing. Earthquakes, on the other hand, are still a mystery. It is not known with certainty, for instance, whether quakes cause volcanic eruptions or whether the volcanoes create the shakes. Worse still, the makeup of the planetary mass through which the quake waves travel can only be guessed at; until it is known beyond dispute, the equations of the disarmament guarantors will continue to be filled with variables. One big step in diminution of the equivocations would be to record earth shocks from day to day at many points in a correlated network and make a map that shows as much about the underground as a topographical chart shows about the heights of the mountains and valleys above.

With the possible exception of Australia, no other nation as technically advanced as Canada is in a position to do what Canada is doing for science and for civilization. At intervals of ap-

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LIX

VLADIMIR V. BELOUSSOV: AN ENCOURAGING FIGURE

The Soviet Scientist Who Fathered Global Study of Earth's Insides Is a Man of His Word and a Citizen of the World

—Toronto

THE history-making exploration of Earth's interior on which Canada is now embarked is only part of a grander scheme on a global scale. Credit for this larger enterprise belongs to one man: Vladimir V. Beloussov, professor of geophysics at the University of Moscow and corresponding member of the Academy of Science of the USSR. I know of this because in the dying days of the 1960 triennial meeting of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics at Helsinki last August he thrust into my hands a piece of paper scrawled with a few hand-written lines. In his name, I read those words as a resolution proposing what has since become known as the Upper Mantle Project—the upper mantle being that topmost region of our planet within which most earthquakes occur.

Whatever personal thoughts I might have had, it would have been my duty as president of the IUGG to encourage adoption of bold ideas capable of bridging conflicting national ambitions in the direction of advancement of man's understanding of his environment. In fact, however, I was impressed with the vigor and warmth of Beloussov's pleading for the opening of this new avenue to world-wide collaboration among scientists. And I was heartily pleased by the subsequent passage of his resolution and the addition of his project to those already devised in the Antarctic, in oceanography, and in interplanetary space research to keep alive the cooperation that flourished during the International Geophysical Year.

Geophysicists everywhere share the feeling that the friendly exchange of the IGY was an achievement of greater import for mankind that the launching of sputniks, the exploring of the last unknown continent, or the uncovering of age-old mysteries of the sea. There is too much danger, too many antagonisms, in the world today for us not to feel that international goodwill is more meaningful than any number of new discoveries.

Americans can be proud that it was their Lloyd Berkner who proposed the IGY, and the British that their Sydney Chapman presided over it so successfully; but the Soviet scientists' task of arranging full participation and developing mutual trust was perhaps an even harder job. Professor Beloussov is the man who led that effort.

What manner of man is he?

I cannot pretend to intimate acquaintance. But I have been associated with him at half a dozen meetings over a period of years. Together, my experiences tell a story of their own.

The first meeting was in Italy in 1954. The IUGG was in session there. Our Italian hosts had arranged a weekend field trip to a region of volcanic springs in the mountains near Genoa, where holes had been drilled deep into the crust of the Earth to capture steam arising from the heat of the interior and conduct it to the surface for use in generating electric power. Since Russia has a similar geological formation in the Kamchatka Peninsula, with comparable possibilities for economical power from steam, it was natural for the Soviet delegates at the IUGG meeting to join the train and bus excursion to Lardarello. Beloussov was among them.

Shepherded by interpreters, his little group stuck close together, making the rest of us that much more conscious that they were breaking the long isolationist tradition of Joseph Stalin now that the Georgian dictator was dead. I remember shaking Beloussov's hand, and exchanging a few words. His English was broken. My French was worse. I failed utterly to break through his impassive gaze and Olympian calm. I went away with the impression of having encountered a blue-eyed Russian bear—big, broad, with a massive face beneath fair hair and a short neck leading down into ponderous shoulders.

I met Beloussov for the second time in Paris in 1956 and saw much more of him in Toronto in 1957, at the next meeting of the IUGG. On this occasion our fellow scientists elected him as their vice president, me as president. He came to my house as did scores of others from many countries at those sessions. He revealed a very proper, almost puritanical, outlook by blushing and turning his head aside in embarrassment when one of his female associates on the Russian delegation insisted on taking off one of her sandals and trying on one of my wife's high heeled shoes during conversation in the drawing room. His own deportment was impeccably correct. It matched his dress. I couldn't tell whether his suits were tailored in Moscow or London or Paris. But he was no prissy fashion plate, on the con-

---

proximately 500 miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Arctic Circle, identical seismographs are being installed on bedrock to register earth tremors round the clock. None of the vaults in which these instruments are housed may be within three miles of a railroad or one mile of a busy highway. Because of the permafrost, caves will have to be dug for many of them, heavy wooden cribbing buried and left to freeze for a year before the seismographs themselves are introduced. Otherwise, the small amount of heat given off by the electrically powered installation would cause the vault to sink slowly but inevitably. Supplies will have to be flown into a dozen of the northern stations during the short summer. In winter, the weather will be too fierce at a number of places to allow the assigned observers to walk more than a fraction of a mile to read the instruments, even with ropes and floodlights to guide them over the snow.

The task is altogether heroic. Nevertheless, the Canadians hope to complete it by 1963. They have set that deadline in respectful salute to Vladimir V. Beloussov, the Russian physicist who originated the idea of global cooperation in an "Upper Mantle Project" (see Personality Portrait, this page). As incumbent president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, Beloussov will chair the triennial meeting of the IUGG in San Francisco two years hence.

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—*Cuningham-Milne*

Vladimir V. Beloussov

trary betraying some prowess as an athlete by swimming in the Muskoka Lakes in September—not an icy performances exactly, but chilly enough to discourage all but one or two others.

During his two-week stay in Canada that fall, Beloussov asked and was granted an opportunity to tour the oil fields of Alberta province, the mines at Sudbury in Ontario, and university and government laboratories in Toronto and Ottawa. When I visited Moscow in connection with the IGY in 1958 [see *SR/* Research for 8 November 1958] he scrupulously repaid all these courtesies. He had flown in a commercial airline plane to Edmonton and had been picked up there by oil company men; therefore I was allowed to fly commercial to Ufa and be picked up by a light private plane that carried me for days over a prospecting party of 1100 men among the villages and fields of the Volga plains between the Caspian and the Urals: Europe's largest oil field.

This same rule of strict reciprocity took me to an excellent dinner at Beloussov's flat. There were four or five small rooms on the seventh floor of a narrow apartment block, perhaps ten stories high, with a little balcony of flowers overlooking the park where the famous Obraztzov puppets play.

The dinner of smoked fish, caviar, roast chicken, chops and cheese was well served by two maids. The wine was good, the table talk better. Madame Beloussov was charming: frail, petite, dark, with unforgettably large eyes. Like her husband fluent in three languages, she had been for ten years a curator of L'Hermitage Art Gallery in Leningrad. Today she works (all Russian women must) as a lecturer in the history of art.

Among the Beloussov possessions I saw at his place in Moscow was a grand piano, shelves full of books written in several tongues, and skis for winter week-ends.

I saw Beloussov for the fifth time at Helsinki in Finland last July and August, during the 1960 meeting of the IUGG. In the six years that had intervened since my introduction to him in Italy, I had seen him lose his polite mask of aloof efficiency only once. That had been in Toronto in 1957, when it fell to me to interview him on Canadian TV.

It later turned out that Beloussov had important news to convey. The launching of Sputnik I was only two weeks away. He may have known about this, but intimated nothing.

Beloussov was, in fact, not very used to TV. He worried, and mopped his forehead. To ease his discomfiture, I told him in advance the questions I would ask. But he was still worried when a secretary came up and asked him to write out his name and address so that the fee for his appearance would be properly delivered.

"Why should I sign?" he challenged me gruffly. "Because," I said, "you are working and you will get paid for it."

"When I broadcast in Moscow I do not get paid," he said. I replied: "You forget that this is a *capitalist* country."

At the farewell dinner for IUGG delegates in Helsinki, I saw Beloussov's mask drop for the second time in our acquaintance. Another Russian scientist, A. P. Vinogradov, had presented my wife Isabel with a costumed doll made up to serve as a tea cozy. Our little girl, Susan, at once proposed that the doll be named after her newly-found idol, Madame Beloussov, who, after a grave conference, suggested that the name Natalia seemed a bit stiff for a doll; why not use her nickname, Natasha? In the midst of these deliberations, with love for his wife shining from his eyes, the impassive scientist Beloussov gently closed his right hand into a fist, draped the full skirt of the tea cozy over his hand, and "walked" the doll gaily across the table.

HOW much the whole relationship between us had changed! Along with my colleagues from the western world, I had, suspiciously at first, come to rely on Beloussov's word. That he also had come to rely on mine is evident, I think, from something that happened later, in Copenhagen. I had turned over to him all the authority vested in me by the IUGG presidency. My good opinion could no longer influence his affairs greatly if at all. In that atmosphere where all between us was even, he asked me to lunch. At the table, he handed me a manuscript. "Please," he said, "read this speech I have to give this afternoon. I want to give it in English and I would like you to tell me if it conveys my meaning correctly."

In the six years since our first meeting, he had perfected his English. I found but one word whose meaning might possibly be questioned. With his previously flawless French and his native Russian, he now can conduct three-way conversations and translations with accuracy and dispatch. Imperturbable, unhurried, he is an excellent man to have at a meeting. He must have attended a great many at which matters of consequence were decided, for he sticks to the point himself, politely brings others who stray back to the point, and steadily presses for a definite and clearcut settlement of each subject.

This is the man who headed Russia's collaboration in the IGY, the man who launched the Upper Mantle Project, the man who will preside in California in 1963 over the next world-wide meeting of geophysicists, who have become, by force of circumstance, the most internationally-minded of scientists.

—J. Tuzo Wilson.

It is difficult to overestimate the potential significance of Beloussov's role in the undertaking. Coming from a land which Americans are prone to believe has no real interest in international amity, this noted Soviet scientist at the 1960 IUGG meeting in Helsinki last summer opposed himself to American trends and in favor of global collaboration. He argued that the IUGG had been created for the purpose of bringing together top science statesmen from the ends of the Earth to work out joint research projects of grand design, and that continuance of that original purpose was vital. In recent years, he complained, there had been a growing tendency—particularly among the Americans—to turn the IUGG sessions into a long series of reports on isolated experiments, neglecting larger schemes which alone could close the gaps opened by national animosities. He proposed the "Upper Mantle Project" as a confirmation of intent to continue international cooperation.

As the dean of Canada's geophysicists, Professor J. Tuzo Wilson of Toronto, relates on this and the previous page, the IUGG delegations at Helsinki (they are really national committees representing their respective countries) voted to support the Beloussov proposal. The action was one of the most pleasant interventions that Dr. John Hodgson, chief of the seismic division of the Dominion Observatory in Ottawa, could remember in his whole career, which began when, at the age

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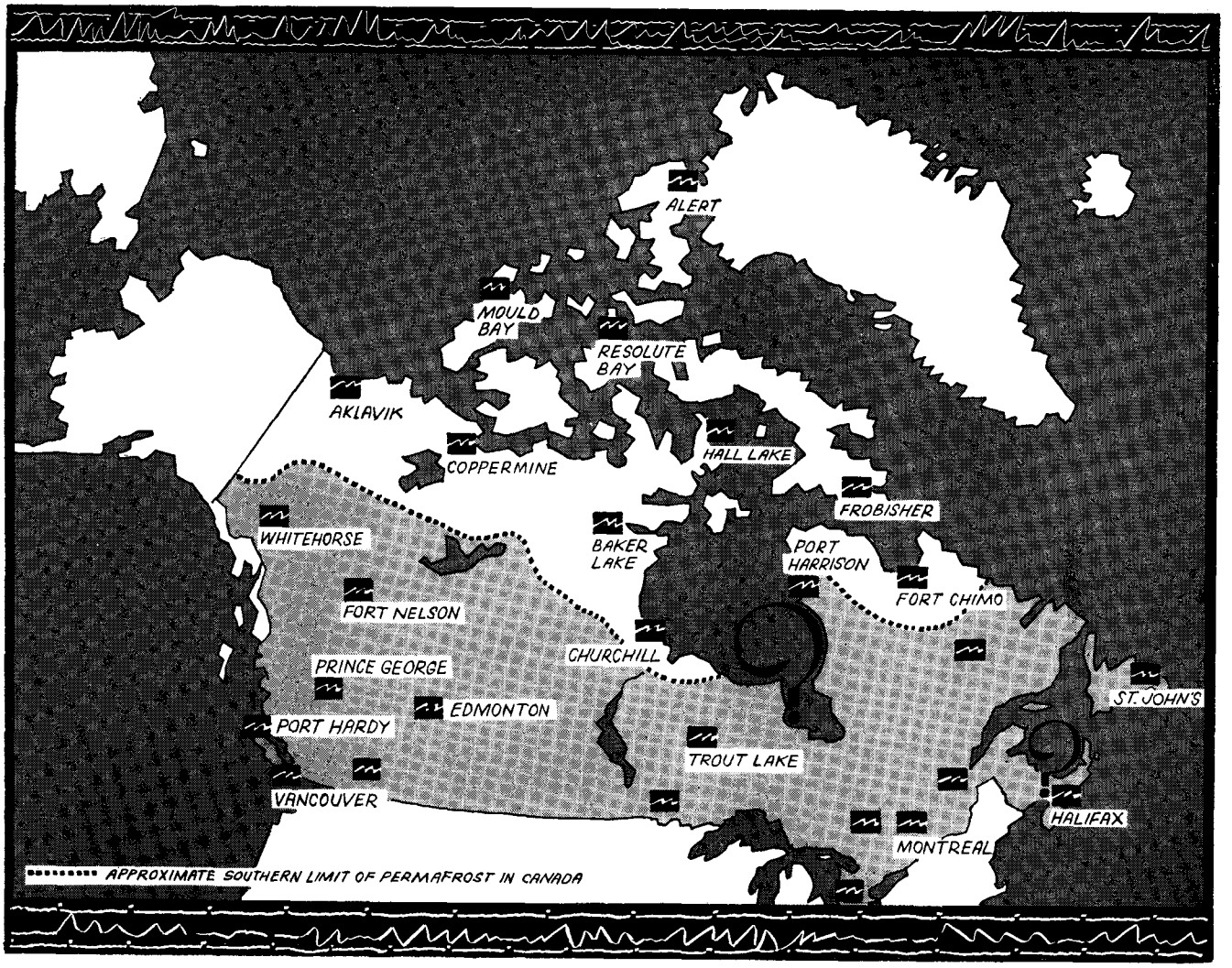

—*Map by Doug Anderson*

CANADA'S CONTINENT–SPANNING NETWORK OF PEEPHOLES into earth's interior is shown in the map above. White areas are permanently frozen. Black boxes marked with jagged lines indicate locations of seismic stations, crustal bore holes, magnetic and gravity reading sites. Questionmarks circle surface depressions which may be craters left by crashing asteriods.

of eight, he helped his father, Earnest, unpack a new seismograph.

John Hodgson had taken up his father's civil service post in furtherance of the tradition that seismology was the poor man's science and that the surest way to preserve it was to keep it in the family. Hodgson often dreamed about the future of his office, but it never occurred to him to let the dreams get out of hand. After all, his budget was only a small packet of the total budget of the Dominion government, and he was far too reasonable a man to go beserk in spending for the study of earthquakes when Canada suffered so few earthquakes. Left to himself, he unabashedly concedes, he almost certainly would not have developed into the research epicenter he now enjoys the excitement of being.

But Hodgson was not allowed to go his own way. The geopolitical world intruded into his geophysical life. With very little warning, analysis of earthquake waves became the most promising means of policing peace in the nuclear age. A British member of Hodgson's staff, Dr. Patrick Willmore, a seismograph inventor, attended the 1958 nuclear inspection conference at Geneva as an observer for Canada, and returned to Ottawa depressed by the obvious enormity of the gaps that would have to be filled in seismic knowledge before any arms control system would work efficiently.

"Let's stop talking about the obstructions to a meaningful research program," he proposed to Hodgson. "Let's design the kind of a recording network that would be ideal if we didn't need to worry about money."

Willmore's dream network had a seismic station every 500 miles.

"I think you're crazy to suggest such a thing," Hodgson said. "You'll never get it past the Treasury Board. But it's a good idea. Go ahead if you'll be willing to risk the disappointment."

Willmore took his scheme directly to Dr. W. E. Van Steenberg, director general of scientific services of the Dominion Department of Mines and Technical Services. To Hodgson's surprise and pleasure, the director general endorsed the plan in principle and sent it back to clear the proper official channels.

Hodgson approved. Astronomer C. S. Beals, director of the Dominion Observatory, approved. The permanent deputy minister of mines, Mark Boyer, approved. Minister of Mines Paul Comptois approved. The Cabinet approved.

All that then remained for Hodgson was to work out the sweaty details, which he did with the help of P. D. McTaggart-Cowan, chief of the meteorological division of the Dominion Department of Transport. McTaggart-Cowan agreed to train his radiosonde balloon men, already stationed at lonely spots throughout Canada, to read the charts of seismographs that Hodgson would install underground.

At the time Beloussov proposed his international "Upper Mantle Project" at Helsinki last August, Hodgson was well on his way with an "Upper Mantle Project" of his own.

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In Paris this week an executive meeting of the IUGG is receiving "Upper Mantle Project" plans from all the constituent bodies of the Union. Thanks principally to Dr. G. D. Garland of Alberta, adjunct secretary of the IUGG, and to Prof. Robert Uffen of the University of Western Ontario, chairman of a Canadian National Research Council subcommittee appointed to assess the ramifications of upper mantle research, the earthquake study originally designed by Willmore (who has since gone to Cambridge University, where he is expected to design a similar network for the British) has acquired dimensions such as gravity and magnetism that once would have flustered John Hodgson but do not even ruffle him now.

Very few earthquakes occur more than 400 miles below the surface of the planet. That is a mere fraction of the way down into the mantle (see masthead photo, page 35, which depicts Canada perched on top of the hemisphere). The outer boundary of the outer core of the Earth is 1,800 miles down, and the inner core begins 650 miles below that. Seismic waves have traced these different segments by indicating changes in the density of the interior substance. But they have not been able to reveal whether the changing densities signal presence of liquid, solid or plastic.

The deepest mysteries of the Earth are not likely to be divulged until the planet is looked at directly as a heat engine. Whether the globe is cooling and shrinking (as some geophysicists believe) or warming and expanding (as others think) or maintaining a rough equilibrium through operation of convection cells within the mantle, the process involved is a heat process.

At each of the 500-mile intervals where John Hodgson's seismic stations will be dug, Canada intends to drill a hole from 1,000 to 2,000 feet deep and take heat readings at 100-foot intervals as regularly as Taggart-McCowan's boys read the atmospheric thermometer.

This will be the first time that any country has drilled such a pattern of holes for purely scientific purposes. Most readings of the flow of heat from Earth's interior on the continents have been made in mines or oil wells. Since oil and metal deposits are anomalies, the degree to which the recorded temperatures are peculiar to those deposits must be uncertain. By charting the heat flow in a random series of holes with techniques similar to those used in weather mapping, it should in time be possible to determine not only the makeup and behavior of the planet's interior but its history.

Isotopic dating methods fix the age of the Earth at 4.5 billion years. Yet no rocks have ever been discovered with an age greater than three billion years. What happened to the record of the first third of the globe's life? One assumption is that the earliest rocks melted. To test that assumption is a heat flow problem.

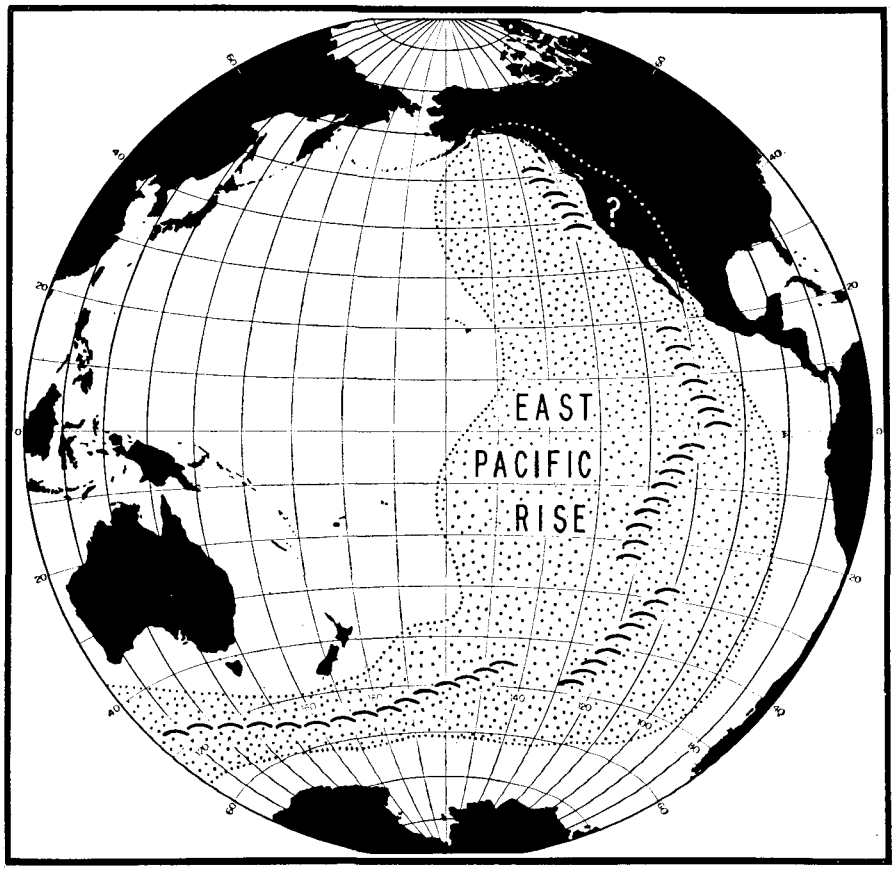
Another conundrum of heat flow is the existence, on the floor of the Pacific Ocean, of an underwater continent two miles high and somewhere between 8,000 and 10,000 miles long. It curves like a sickle from Western Canada to New Zealand. Scripps Institution of Oceanography scientists who discovered it call it The East Pacific Rise.

A line of submarine mountains crosses the Rise from east to west, coinciding exactly with the great volcanoes of Mexico. Ten other mountain chains break through the Rise in an almost due east-west direction. Practically every one of the active and extinct volcanoes in the eastern Pacific is found somewhere on the tops of those eleven chains.

Sir Edward Bullard of Cambridge University has measured the heat coming up through the crest of the Rise along the whole length of the submarine continent and found it to be as much as eight times the heat that comes up through the floor of the deep ocean or through the land surface of the continents. By contrast, heat rising through the flanks of the Rise is much less than elsewhere.

THE hypothesis currently advanced to explain this phenomenon is that, below the Mohorovicic Discontinuity separating Earth's crust from the upper mantle, a convection cell formed. Upward from it molten rock flowed in a vertical stream. Retreating outward before this push from within, the Earth's crust stretched and thinned from its usual three-mile thickness on the ocean bottom to a thickness of only two miles. At weak points across the huge arch, vents opened and volcanic eruption ensued. Sometimes the lava piled the volcano cones above the level of the sea, creating such places as Easter Island.

Wherever the volcano-topped mountain chains appear, the crest of the East Pacific Rise shifts direction and altitude sharply. By studying the shift-zones in relation to maps of the Earth's magnetic field, scientists have been able to trace the movements of the Earth's crust. On these maps, the lines of magnetic force run generally north-south and form patterns similar to the graining in wood. Off the coast of California, the patterns



A SUBMARINE CONTINENT 8,000-10,000 MILES LONG may underlie the Pacific coasts of Canada and the United States. Known as the East Pacific Rise, this two-mile-high bulge on the sea floor has been mapped only recently by researchers from the Scripps Institution of Oceanography at La Jolla, Calif.

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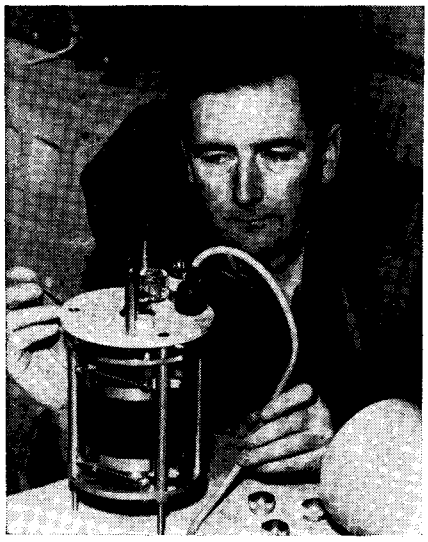
—*Dept. of Mines, Canada*

This snowy vestibuled seismic station exists at Resolute Bay in the far north of Canada and is, like others in new science network, operating full time . . .



—*Dept. of Mines, Canada*

. . . because Patrick Willmore, worried by science's unreadiness to police A-bombs, needled his Canadian hosts . . .

are broken in all those places where the mountains tear through the crest of the East Pacific Rise. It is as though a vertical slab of wood had been sawn into pieces and the pieces had been moved to the right or to the left of the positions they occupied before the sawing. The graining no longer matches.

By cutting the magnetic maps apart and moving pieces of them back and forth, Scripps scientists have been able to reproduce the original magnetic patterns. Some segments of the map are a hundred or so miles out of place. Other pieces are almost a thousand miles away from the pieces that match them. This means that in the sea floor off California blocks of land as big as the state of Texas have moved bodily for several hundreds of miles. Earth movements of such magnitude are unknown on land. They would tear continents apart.

There are, however, theories which hold that the continents wander over the planet's surface. This can be true only if the upper mantle is elastic. Mountains would not stand up if they were not adequately supported from below. So far as science now can figure out, such support could come only from the counterweight of inverted mountains on the underside of the crust. These upside down mountains, being actually taller than their counterparts above (see masthead sketch, page 35) would move laterally only if the substance in which they were locked would flow to accommodate them. Here once again the question of heat is crucial.

THE great advantage of the American "Mohole Project" is that it will probe directly through the crust to the upper edge of the mantle. If the drilling succeeds, actual samples of the rock through 16,000 feet of the ocean floor will be brought up for examination. When that will happen no one yet is prepared to say. Preliminary drilling to a depth of 12,000-15,000 feet off Guadalupe Island along the Mexican coast will be attempted in the next few months. The drill will be operated from an oil exploration barge that will be held in place by four giant diesel outboard motors. The technical problems are infinite, and the final steps in the experiment are at least several years away. The cost will run high into the millions.

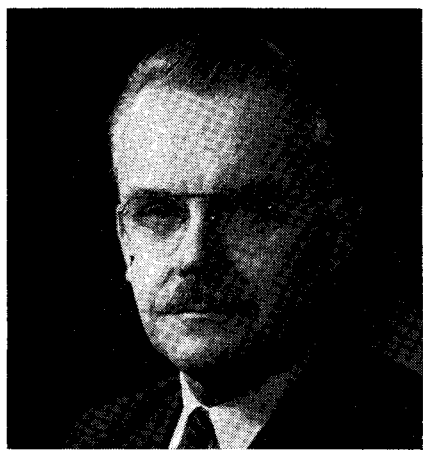
THE Canadians haven't that kind of money to spend. But it may very well turn out that their smaller budgets will accomplish more in less time. There are people who believe that the Americans are wrong in assuming that the ocean floor is the shortest route to Earth's mantle. In the Canadian north and in the Maritime Provinces, there are outcrops of rock whose chemical composition suggests they came up from the deep interior. Seismic waves travel through them at the same speed as the same waves through the mantle. Might it be quicker to drill through these rocks?

Even more poetic speculations are being made in connection with Canada's meteor craters. Some of these are enormous saucers. They have reminded astronomers that the Earth has no craters comparable in size to the craters of the Moon. If the Earth and the Moon passed through the same accidents of history, there ought to be craters on Earth. Aerial photographs of Hudson's Bay and the mouth of the St. Lawrence (see questionmarks on map, page 38) are being scrutinized for clues to support the notion that the almost circular form of those depressions could have been accounted for by collision with asteroids. A mathematician on the staff of the Dominion Observatory in Ottawa has calculated that if asteroids did strike, the rock at those two points would have been shattered all the way down through the crust into the upper mantle. If that's true, why not drill through the bottoms of those relics of ancient times?

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

—*Canada Agriculture*

—*Dept. of Mines, Canada*



—*Dept. of Mines, Canada*

. . . and got unexpected approval for an earth mantle observation network from (l. to r.) Drs. Van Steenberg, Hodgson and Beals.

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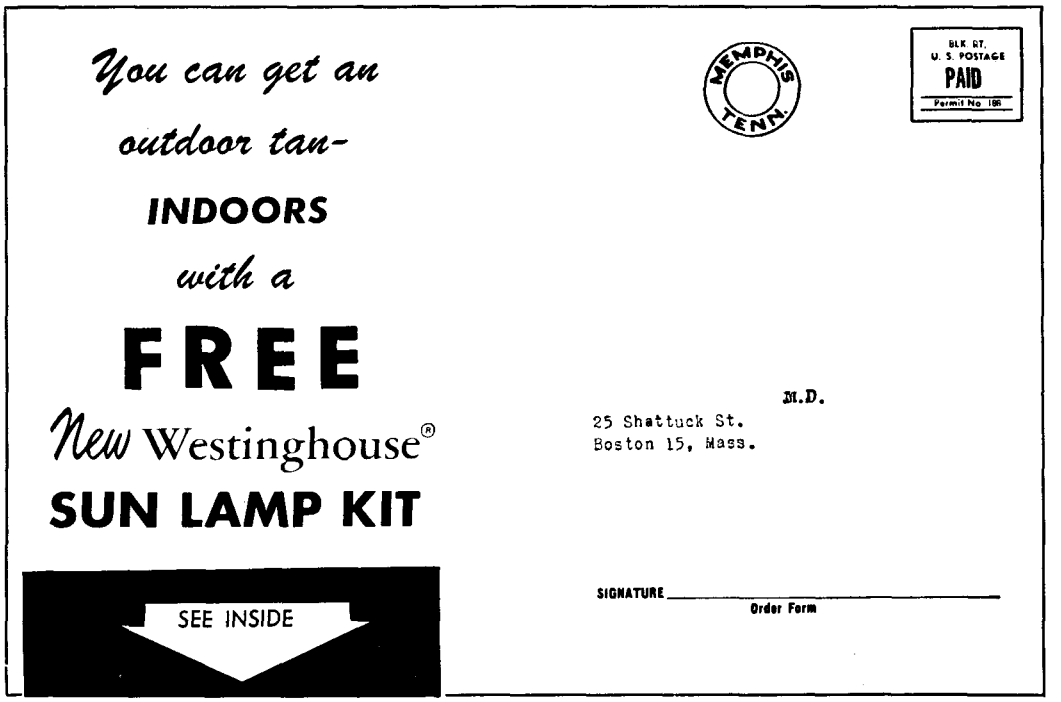
PAYOLA FOR PHYSICIANS

Picture Story With a Moral for Drug Law Makers



THE ADVERTISEMENT REPRODUCED ABOVE CAME THROUGH THE MAIL recently to a physician stationed at the Harvard Medical School in Boston, Mass. Its purpose seemed plain: to offer the doctor a free sunlamp. The ad was a folder that opened at the middle. Before opening it, the doctor turned the ad over. What he saw on the back is reproduced below:

FREE!
TINGHOUSE SUN LAMP KIT
IT WESTINGHOUSE
Westinghouse®
SUN LAMP KIT
With highly reflective aluminum shield on the clamp-anywhere fixture, and the new improved Westinghouse RS Sun Lamp.
Complete fixture is UL approved.
Deluxe holder extends beyond lamp for protection.
High-Heat socket is rated at 660 watts.
Double-ball swivel permits any-angle adjustment.
Six-foot, heavy-duty cord has molded vinyl plug.
Large size, positive clamp has no-mar plastic guards.
FAMOUS WESTINGHOUSE RS SUN LAMP
. . . the new, improved Sun Lamp that tans like the sun, provides the comfort of summer sun-bathing the year 'round. HERE IS THE SAFE, SURE WAY TO GET THAT OUTDOOR TAN INDOORS.
FOR DETAILS ON HOW TO GET YOUR FREE GIFT, SEE OTHER SIDE.

CURIOUS TO KNOW THE TERMS ON WHICH Westinghouse, one of the most respected business concerns in America, would be making such a proposition to him—the repeated appearance of the Westinghouse name in trade-marked type face, and the absence of any other name, gave him every reason to believe that the offer did come from that famous firm—the doctor opened the advertising folder. A reproduction of what he found inside is on the next page ►►►►►►

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For that Outdoor Tan
INDOORS get Your . . .

FREE

New Westinghouse®

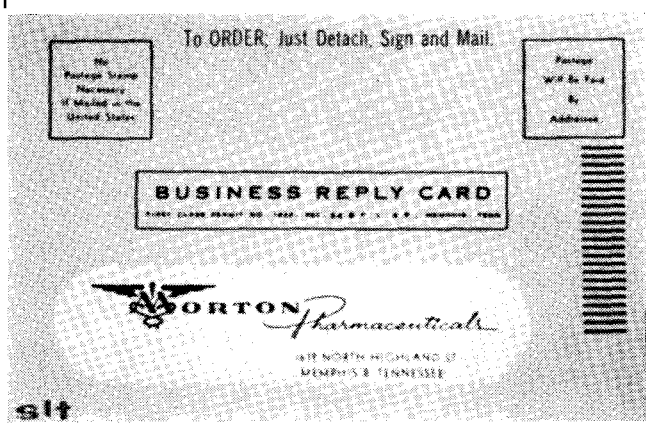
SUN LAMP KIT

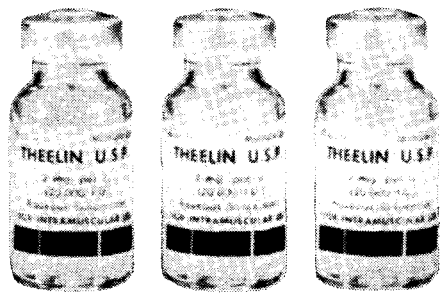
With highly reflective aluminum shield on the clamp-anywhere fixture, and the new improved Westinghouse RS Sun Lamp.

FAMOUS WESTINGHOUSE RS SUN LAMP

. . . the new, improved Sun Lamp that tans like the sun, provides the comfort of summer sun-bathing the year 'round. HERE IS THE SAFE, SURE WAY TO GET THAT OUTDOOR TAN INDOORS.

We want you to have with our compliments and FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE the complete WESTINGHOUSE SUN LAMP KIT as described above when you purchase only 3 - 10cc vials of Theelin as shown below at the price of only $4.98 per vial. TO ORDER, simply tear out the POSTAGE PAID CARD BELOW, affix your signature and mail TODAY. We shall ship prepaid the WESTINGHOUSE SUN LAMP KIT and 3 - 10cc vials of THEELIN for the total price of only $14.94.





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Each cc contains 2 mg. (20,000 units) U. S. P. THEELIN
Each steril vial contains 200,000 units THEELIN (10 cc.)
Each 10 cc vial @ $4.98

"I WAS SHOCKED ENOUGH THAT I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW of it," the Harvard doctor wrote in transmitting the ad to SR's Science Editor. "To me . . . this represents something new in drug advertising: the tie-in sale. If I'll just order three vials of this drug, they'll send me a free sunlamp. Presumably the sunlamp is for me, not the patient. Presumably I will find a patient who needs Theelin, but this doesn't seem to worry them too much. I cannot find a single word anywhere in the ad that describes Theelin, gives its indications, or says anything else about it at all, beyond the price and the amount per vial. Presumably they think this will interest me less than the details of my new sunlamp. According to my Physician's Desk Reference, Theelin is an estrogenic [hormone] substance used for treatment of menopausal symptoms, uterine bleeding, and various minor *sequelae* of the menopause (it doesn't sound very specific). It is manufactured by Parke-Davis only, according to PDR. Morton Pharmaceuticals of Memphis are not listed in the PDR."

It is insulting to the medical profession to assume that any physician would give a patient any drug (Theelin is sold only on prescription) in return for receiving free a sunlamp kit that retails in New York City for $13.95. But if someone in the drug business had not made such an assumption, there would have been no justification for the expense of writing and printing and mailing this particular ad.

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Letter From a Retired Drug Inspector

AS A FORMER Food and Drug Inspector, I wish to thank you for your successful efforts in making public the information concerning Dr. Henry Welch, erstwhile head of the FDA antibiotics division.

I resigned from the Food and Drug Administration . . . because of health reasons. However, I am still interested in the work of the FDA and, as a private citizen, would like to see it serve the purposes for which it was established.

While I was still in the employ of the FDA, frequent discussions with fellow inspectors led them, and me, to certain conclusions concerning the working philosophy and operation of the FDA. Some of our observations may be summarized as follows:

1. There appears to be a definite policy on the part of the Administration to treat the big manufacturers of foods and drugs with care and to be much more severe with small manufacturers. Only an exhaustive study of the files and comparison of reports submitted by inspectors with action taken by the Administration could prove this, but most working inspectors have had some experiences that would seem to bear out this claim. The same holds true with respect to M.D.'s in comparison with osteopaths, chiropractors, and others who do not have the blessing of the A.M.A. The Administration is extremely reluctant to bring charges against an M.D. for proven violations of the law with regard to prescription drugs but willingly prosecutes other medical practitioners.

2. Fear of consumer lawsuits and of adverse publicity acts as a much greater deterrent in preventing violations of the FDA laws than do the investigations and prosecutions of the FDA. The fines and sentences handed down in FDA prosecutions are too lenient to have much effect. Unfortunately, the FDA fails to use what could be a most powerful weapon—publicity with regard to foods and drugs that have been found in violation of the law.

3. Too often the producer rather than the consumer is given the benefit of the doubt. There have been instances in which chemicals of proven harmfulness to man have not been immediately withdrawn, but have been allowed to be used until the manufacturers' supplies have been exhausted.

With regard to policies and procedures affecting personnel in the FDA, the following are relevant to the effective operation of the Administration:

1. Promotions in the FDA are often based largely on the number of violations found by a particular inspector. This encourages the overly-ambitious inspector to use his authority unscrupulously to further his own ends.

2. Communication within the Administration is through vertical channels. District personnel are therefore at the mercy of their immediate superiors, who often leave much to be desired as administrators. Though I have encountered technical personnel from Washington who seemed to be men of intelligence and integrity, my contacts with those in charge of field administration have been most discouraging.

3. New inspectors are given almost no formal instruction or specific orientation for their work and very little on-the-job training. It's a "sink or swim" proposition, with the novice inspector's progress being judged by inspectors not always qualified to do so and even prejudiced in certain respects.

4. At present the policy of the Administration seems to be to discourage all initiative on the part of field personnel and to reward mediocrity, apathy, and even, on occasion, downright chicanery.

5. The recent investigation with regard to possible conflicts of interest among FDA employees (arising from the Welch case) was discriminatory in the selection of grades to be questioned concerning their financial status. For example, chemists below GS-12 were not required to complete the questionnaire, although they can have a greater influence in possible seizures than inspectors can. The investigation was largely a "white-wash" which served little purpose other than to arouse the ire of those who, rightfully, resented this intrusion into their private affairs and to generally demoralize most FDA personnel.

AS A possible approach to helping to correct some of the faults in the present operation of the FDA, I should like to suggest that an effort be made to stimulate citizen interest and action. If citizen groups could be formed and a petition circulated, perhaps Congress could be prevailed upon to undertake a thorough shake-up of the FDA. Although President-elect Kennedy has already had a study made of the regulatory agencies, no mention has been made of the FDA.

(The name of the writer of this letter is withheld to avoid possible retaliation)

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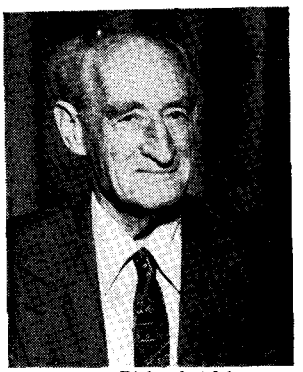
THE RESEARCH FRONTIER



—Richard Adelsperger

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *It depends, to an extraordinary degree, on the determination of individual men. James H. Gordon is more determined than even determined people usually are. Mr. Gordon was 79 years old on 23 January 1961. At the age of 75, having been in so-called retirement for a decade, he decided that the International Geophysical Year (1 July 1957-31 December 1958) was an appropriate time for him to begin serious scientific investigation of an atmospheric phenomenon that had been observed many times by many people in many places: the mirage.*

Mr. Gordon had been hearing about mirages ever since he went west from his native Weathersfield, Conn., to become an assistant observer in the U. S. Weather Bureau at El Paso, Tex., on 1 February 1910. Mirages had grown to be almost as real to him as his neighbors were during his forty-five years in Yuma, Ariz.

JAMES H. GORDON
(U. S. Weather Bureau, Ret.)

MEN have been seeing mirages and wondering about them for thousands of years. They must have talked about them, too, but when it came to writing about them, the subject seems almost to have been taboo. Nothing about mirages appears in the literature of the Egyptians or other early civilizations, or in the writings of the Greeks or Romans. They are not mentioned in the Bible, by Marco Polo, or by writers about the Crusades. Perhaps not too long after the Crusades, a recurrent mirage seen over the Straits of Messina was given a name—Fata Morgana. In 1798 a physician with Napoleon's army in Egypt wrote about appearances of water on the desert. To the best of my knowledge, only one mirage is mentioned in American history; that was in 1878, when Custer's little army marched away from Fort Abraham Lincoln to play its tragic part in the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Farewells said, the force had passed out of sight when to those left in the fort a mirage showed the column marching through the sky.

The widespread belief that a mirage is something unreal, a sort of trick played on the eyes, is wrong. The picture a mirage presents is real but never quite accurate. The effect of the mirage is to change the seeming location or appearance of an object—not infrequently, both. The seeming shift in position may be hardly noticeable or may amount to many miles; change in appearance may be slight or extensive. Both of these changes are brought about by refraction: that is, a bending in the course of the light path from object to observer. The bending occurs when light passes from dense to less dense air, or vice versa.

Most of us remember the example of refraction we were shown in school when a spoon was placed in a glass full of water. Looked at from an angle, the handle seemed to bend sharply where it entered the water.

Whereas the difference in the densities of air and water in comparatively great, that between two layers of air is very slight, so that the bending would be almost infinitesimal. A succession of such bends, however, could bring about an appreciable change in direction of the light path.

To do this—and it is necessary for mirage making—a mass of air must have a progressive and abnormally great density change within it. The function of such an air mass as a bending or refracting agency, similar to that of the lenses in our optical instruments, seems to justify calling it an air lens, at least until a better name offers.

Physically, the air lens bears little resemblance to optical lenses. Its depth may vary from an inch or two to a hundred feet or more and its area from a few square feet to many square miles. Because it is composed of air and is surrounded by air, except where it rests on the ground, its boundaries are often hard to ascertain.

The diagrams at the top of the opposite page attempt to make clear why a bending in the light path occurs and how the effects are brought about. Lens No. 1 is denser at the top than at the bottom. It will make an object seem to be lower than it actually is. The object is usually a bit of blue sky near the horizon which is made to appear on a road or on a dry lake bed, where it looks like water. This lens will be formed almost exclusively in contact with sun-heated ground or roadway.

It is one of the peculiarities of mirages formed by No. 1 lenses that the mirage is, in effect, projected on the lens itself, as on a screen, making it visible and easily studied. In such work, binoculars are invaluable in bringing out details. One such study seems worth presenting because of the questions it raises. It involved a mirage covering a street from gutter to gutter and extending, with some breaks, for about three blocks. Street surface was asphalt about thirty-five feet wide with cement gutters eighteen inches wide. The air forming the lens was colored by the transmitted light so as to be clearly visible. The lens seemed to be formed of a scurrying, shimmering blue blanket of heat waves about two inches thick. In the brisk wind the air forming the lens must have been changed every three or four seconds. I could see the waves enter the lens, pass through and vanish. Cars and trucks, passing in a steady stream, had no visible effect; there seemed to be no piling up against the windward side of tires.

What mysterious force within it maintained that lens as a functioning entity amid all those disruptive forces? Composed of air that changed every few seconds, surrounded by air except where the lens rested on the ground, it was completely set apart, doing things the surrounding air could not do.

The No. 2 lens, denser at the bottom than at the top, makes an object seem to be higher than it is, and three types of effects result: (a) when the lens is lying on a ridge between object and observer, a good, clear picture of something normally hidden behind the ridge is lifted into sight by the mirage; (b) when the lens is in the temperature inversion layer of the atmosphere from a few feet to thousands of feet above the ground, the appearance of an object is distorted in addition to being raised up; (c) when the lens is in the temperature inversion layer, a picture or image can be picked up and shown a few miles or hundreds of miles away, erected or inverted, sometimes both.

Whereas No. 1 lens is formed by a superheated ground surface raising the temperature of the air immediately above the ground and so reversing the normal steady decrease of temperature and density with altitude, lens No. 2 occurs over a cold ground surface, and frequently aloft in

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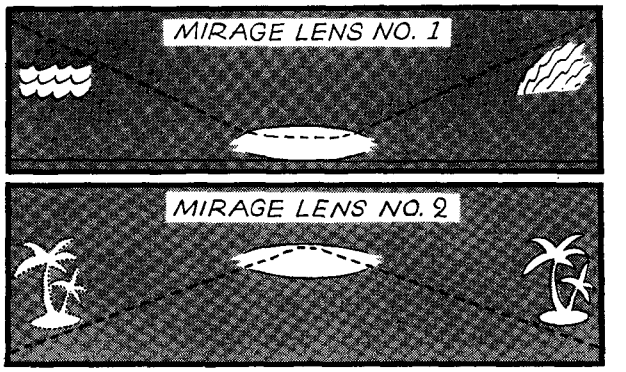
. . . how to read a mirage

No one invited Mr. Gordon to study mirages. He was not offered any of the thousands of grants the government gave in supprt of IGY research. His work did not fit into any program. He did not join an investigating team. He did not seek anyone's approval. He just decided that he, as a lone person, could make his contribution to the global effort to expand man's knowledge of his environment.

What he learned about mirages was significant enough to be included in the annual report of the Smithsonian Institution for the year 1959, which has been supplemented in the excerpt below.



the atmosphere when a temperature trend reversal steps up the rate of density decrease. Such a lens may be formed over a ridge about midway between and higher than the object and the observer. Based on the ground, it will be, in effect, saddled over the ridge, and light can not reach it from below. Apparently light enters the object side of the lens instead, follows its curve over the ridge, and escapes the opposite side to pass down the slope to the observer.

THIS lens can pick up the image of a house or a town or a mountain range hidden behind the ridge and lift it into sight. Within my experience and judged from evidence from the many stories I have heard, it invariably turns out a clear, sharp picture, without distortion. A friend told me of seeing, as a boy, a neighbor's house over the ridge lifted into sight so clearly that he could recognize the children playing about. In the Imperial Valley one of the watermasters told me he had twice seen trains puffing along in the sky, lifted into sight over the massive bulk of the sandhills. From a ranch house on the edge of the mesa some twenty miles south of Yuma, the owner frequently sees the little town of San Luis across the border in Mexico, which normally is not visible, lifted into sight, together with its highway and speeding cars. A ridge east of the New Yuma Hospital normally hides homes and ranches beyond it; two or three times a year, on the average, they are lifted into sight. In eastern Colorado rolling hill country, ranchers frequently see on still mornings homes and farms as much as twenty miles away. The picture is lifted up into sight, but not otherwise changed.

Mirages transmitted by No. 2 lenses sometimes are distorted. The primary effect is a stretching up. This may be followed by a lateral stretching, mostly internal, as between the stretched-up parts of the object of a scene—houses in a town, hills or mountains in a group. A man crossing a field may develop stilt-like legs, freight cars on a siding may seem to stretch to more than double height, a row of trees may stretch far up.

Lens No. 2 mirages also transverse long distances. In a small Maryland town only one mirage seems to have been seen in nearly a hundred years, but it showed a city in the sky, a city of domed roofs—foreign looking, not at all American. Judging from appearances, it would seem to have started on its long journey from North Africa or one of the eastern Mediterranean countries.

In 1920 the station master at Baghdad on the Santa Fe Railroad some sixty miles east of San Bernardino told me of mirages seen over a dry lake bed south of the station. He had seen them several times. According to some of the watchers, it was the modest city of San Jose, Calif., 500 miles and half a dozen mountain ranges away.

HOW is energy, in the form of the light carrying the picture or image, conveyed through the atmosphere for great distances with no apparent loss of potential? The city that looms so large has not been magnified by any telescopic effect. As nearly as we may judge, it simply fails to get smaller with distance as one would expect according to the laws of physics. Its light power fades little if any, which seems to present an irrational situation. That is what needs to be explained.

Two rather fantastic suggestions are offered, very tentatively. One is that there may be channels of no resistance in the atmosphere along which such a shaft of light may travel intact, without dissipation. I am told that the Navy has trouble with radar beams being deflected from a straight course, probably by atmosphereic conditions as occurs with light beams; also that radar beams seem sometimes to find channels of no resistance and reach many times their normal range. We know that radiobroadcasts will sometimes be heard at amazing distances, possibly by bouncing from layers in the upper atmosphere or, it is possible, by finding a channel of no resistance. The other suggestion may seem no more realistic. Is it possible that a shaft of light, perhaps traveling in parallel beams, might be so compacted by a cohesive force, like the lens in the road, that there is no dispersion? In either case the paths would run approximately parallel with the earth's surface.

As a basis for either one of these suggested possible explanations, some form of No. 2 lens must be presupposed which would be able to pick up the picture and put it into a roughly horizontal course instead of returning it to earth as is the more usual procedure. Apparently it would travel in such a course or channel until it struck a second No. 2 lens where refraction should turn it down to the observer or observation area. This explanation would call for the refracting air lenses to be a few hundred to several thousand feet above the ground near the point where the mirage is seen.

In conclusion, I should like to emphasize that in dealing with this fascinating subject of mirages, even statements of seeming fact have been based on a very limited amount of material, largely of my own gathering. The more puzzling mirage forms are so rare that no one man is likely to have seen more than a few of them. The most valuable contribution that I could hope to make in presenting this nontechnical description, with its tentative suggestions as to the explanation of certain unusual types of mirages, is the stimulation of further investigation of the whole subject.

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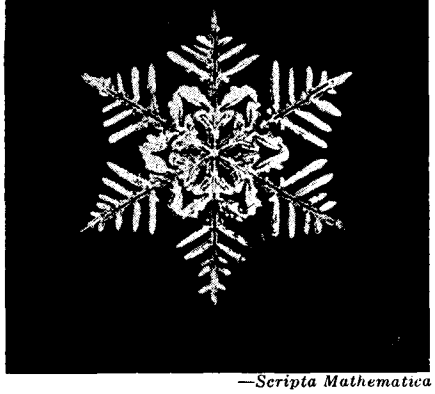
SCIENCE IN BOOKS



—*Scripta Mathematica*

YOU CAN'T SNOW AN ESKIMO

In His Language, Slush is Always, Irrevocably Slush

IN ENGLISH we divide most of our words into two classes, which have different grammatical and logical properties. Class 1 we call nouns, *e.g.*, "house, man"; class 2, verbs, *e.g.*, "a hit, a run," or "to man (the boat)." On the primary level the division between the classes is absolute. Our language thus gives us a bipolar division of nature. But nature herself is not thus polarized. If it be said that "strike, turn, run," are verbs because they denote temporary or short-lasting events, *i.e.*, actions, why then is "fist" a noun? It also is a temporary event. Why are "lightning, spark, wave, eddy, pulsation, flame, storm, phase, cycle, spasm, noise, emotion" nouns? They are temporary events. If "man" and "house" are nouns because they are long-lasting and stable events, *i.e.*, things, what then are "keep, adhere, extend, project, continue, persist, grow, dwell," and so on doing among the verbs? If it be objected that "possess, adhere" are verbs because they are stable relationships rather than stable percepts, why then should "equilibrium, pressure, current, peace, group, nation, society, tribe, sister," or any kinship term be among the nouns? It will be found that an "event" to us means "what our language classes as a verb" or something analogized therefrom. And it will be found that it is not possible to define "event, thing, object, relationship," and so on, from nature, but that to define them always involves a circuitous return to the grammatical categories of the definer's language.

In the Hopi language, "lightning, wave, flame, meteor, puff of smoke, pulsation" are verbs—events of necessarily brief duration cannot be anything but verbs. "Cloud" and "storm" are at about the lower limit of duration for nouns. Hopi, you see, actually has a classification of events by . . . duration type, something strange to our modes of thought. On the other hand, in Nootka, a language of Vancouver Island, all words seem to us to be verbs, but really there are no classes 1 and 2; they have, as it were, a monistic view of nature that gives them only one class of word for all kinds of events. "A house occurs" or "it houses" is the way of saying "house," exactly like "a flame occurs" or "it burns." These terms seem to us like verbs because they are inflected for durational and temporal nuances, so that the suffixes of the word for house event make it mean long-lasting house, temporary house, future house, house that used to be, what started out to be a house, and so on.

Hopi has one noun that covers every thing or being that flies, with the exception of birds, which class is denoted by another noun. The former noun may be said to denote the class (FC-B)—flying class minus bird. The Hopi actually call insect, airplane, and aviator all by the same word, and feel no difficulty about it. The situation, of course, decides any possible confusion among very disparate members of a broad linguistic class, such as this class (FC-B). This class seems to us too large and inclusive, but so would our class "snow" to an Eskimo. We have the same word for falling snow, snow on the ground, snow packed hard like ice, slushy snow, wind-driven flying snow—whatever the situation may be. To an Eskimo, this all-inclusive word would be almost unthinkable; he would say that falling snow, slushy snow, and so on, are sensuously and operationally different, different things to contend with; he uses different words for them and for other kinds of snow. . . .

What surprises most is to find that various grand generalizations of the Western world, such as time, velocity, and matter, are not essential to the construction of a consistent picture of the universe. The psychic experiences that we class under these headings are, of course, not destroyed; rather, categories derived from other kinds of experiences take over the rulership of the cosmology and seem to function just as well. Hopi may be called a timeless language. It recognizes psychological tie . . . but this "time is quite unlike the mathematical time, T, used by our physicists. Among the peculiar properties of Hopi time are that it varies with each observer, does not permit of simultaneity, and has zero dimensions, *i.e.*, it cannot be given a number greater than one. The Hopi do not say, "I stayed five days," but "I left on the fifth day." . . . The timeless Hopi verb does not distinguish between the present, past, and future of the event itself but must always indicate what type of validity the *speaker* intends the statement to have: (a) report of an event . . . ; (b) expectation of an event . . .; (c) generalization or law about events. . . .

Hopi grammar . . . also makes it easy to distinguish among momentary, continued, and repeated occurrences, and to indicate the actual sequence of reported events. Thus the universe can be described without recourse to a concept of dimensional time. How would a physics constructed along these lines work, with no T (time) in its equations? Perfectly, as far as I can see, though of course it would require different ideology and perhaps different mathematics. Of course V (velocity) would have to go too. The Hopi language has no word really equivalent to our "speed" or "rapid." What translates these terms is usually a word meaning intense or very, accompanying any verb of motion. Here is a clue to the nature of our new physics. We may have to introduce a new term I, intensity. Every thing and event will have an I, whether we regard the thing or event as moving or as just enduring or being. . . . Our old friend acceleration will still be there but doubtless under a new name. We shall perhaps call it V, meaning not velocity but variation. . . .

A scientist from another culture that used time and velocity would have great difficulty in getting us to understand these concepts. We should talk about the intensity of a chemical

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—*Scripta Mathematica*

reaction; he would speak of its velocity or its rate, which words we should at first think were simply words for intensity in his language. Likewise, he at first would think that intensity was simply our own word for velocity. At first we should agree, later we should begin to disagree, and it might dawn upon both sides that different systems of rationalization were being used. He would find it very hard to make us understand what he really meant by velocity of a chemical reaction. We should have no words that would fit. He would try to explain it by likening it to a running horse, to the difference between a good horse and a lazy horse. We should try to show him, with a superior laugh, that his analogy also was a matter of different intensities, aside from which there was little similarity between a horse and a chemical reaction in a beaker. We should point out that a running horse is moving relative to the ground, whereas the material in the beaker is at rest.

One significant contribution to science from the linguistic point of view may be the greater development of our sense of perspective. We shall no longer be able to see a few recent dialects of the Indo-European family, and the rationalizing techniques elaborated from their patterns, as the apex of the evolution of the human mind, nor their present wide spread as due to any survival from fitness or to anything but a few events of history—events that could be called fortunate only from the parochial point of view of the favored parties. They, and our own thought processes with them, can no longer be envisioned as spanning the gamut of reason and knowledge but only as one constellation in a galactic expanse. . . .

—Benjamin Lee Whorf *in "Language, Thought and Reality" (Copyright 1956 by Massachusetts Institute of Technology), published by Massachusetts Institute of Technology and John Wiley & Sons, Inc.*

Movies

Continued from page 26

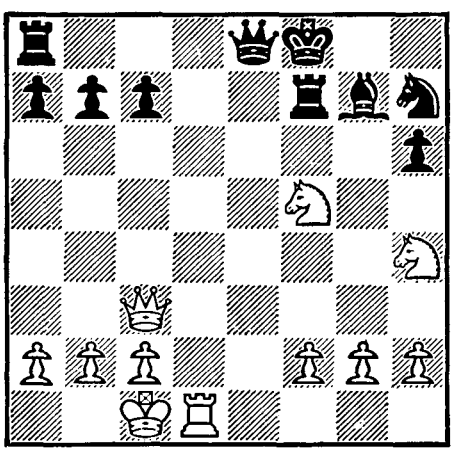
such a way that he would know what the finished film was to look like. The writing would provide this vision. It would also tell the actors what the effect was intended to be. It contained hard information of the sort one finds in the novel. The prose was meant to be exact and purposeful. I never for a moment thought of writing the story in the usual screen manner. For the writer, the term 'medium shot' means nothing, and when he uses such a term he is hardly conveying his vision. I've always suspected that most screenwriters, the journeymen of the craft, can't write English. They vacate their responsibility as writers, and hope that the camera will bail them out, that it will see things they were either too incapable, or too lazy, to put in.

"What you read in the book," he went on, "is what Huston worked from. True enough, our script girl, Angela Allen, did put numbers on the shots, but this was for the technicians, who seemed to want to keep track of what was going on in that way."

The screenplay had developed, he said, from a longish short story he had written for *Esquire*, a tale based on an experience of his own with three men with whom he had gone on a trip outside of Reno (where he was waiting for a divorce) to capture wild stallions. "The striking thing about my companions was that they were internally drifting without its being painful to them. They had a wonderful independence, and at the same time they weren't tough. After the story was published, I wanted to go farther with the material, but it took a long time before I came up with anything that seemed satisfactory. The hint of a girl in the story became the role of Roslyn in the screenplay. The men took on more dimension and more spontaneity. At first I thought it might be a lark to do it, but then I became aware of certain laws of screenwriting, different from those of the stage play. In a play every line is news. But here I had to try to maintain a balance between the progression of the story and the nature of the life there, which was plotless, and in which the unexpected kept popping up.

"This much I can say: I would never have been able to write it if I had been forced to endure the constrictions of the conventional screenplay form. It would have destroyed the feeling of it, and I would have been unable to convey to the actors the intensity of the feeling that I, the author, had felt. Using the schematic, jigsaw form of Hollywood's type of screenplay, the webs of connection between feelings would have gotten all busted up. I sometimes think that the usual technique of filmwriting tends to appear to hold together what isn't basically tenable. It gives it a superficial sort of structure. By dispensing with it I felt I could release more feeling in the actors, and give the director a greater indication of what I was trying to show."

The results in the movie would seem to vindicate Miller's show of rugged independence, both in himself and his characters. Wallach's Guido is lifelike, and his playing gives the part nuances that the camera always captures. Clift's Perce is the best acting he has done in some time. Gable as Gay Langland finally became the actor he might have been all along, if a part had come along to test him to this degree. There is also the effect of ensemble playing usually missing from any but European movies. It would seem, then, that Miller's screenplay has opened up a new vista for writers interesting in saying something directly for the screen. The book deserves close examination for this reason; as for the movie, it tends to engage one slowly at first, then captures the attention and holds it unflaggingly, helped by the actors, the direction, and excellent, spirited photography. —Hollis Alpert.



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The New Decade

Continued from page 13

allies control over the growing nuclear power we are possessing. But the *quid pro quo* is equally plain, and that is the greater integration economically of the United States into the expanding European community. The recent creation of the Organization for European Cooperation and Development promises well, and increased American participation in the handling of common monetary and trade problems will strengthen the United States and its friends on all fronts.

IF this is accomplished, the thorny matter of aid to the underdeveloped countries can also be tackled jointly. In the final analysis, economic growth is dependent upon a nation's own striving, upon sacrifice and denial in order to build up its own savings for investment in productive capital plant. But outlets for the export of goods are also needed, as are technical assistance and education, foodstuffs, grants and loans. One should not disregard the showy and spectacular projects many of the new countries wish to launch; after all, their prestige also requires monuments, as the case of the Aswan Dam clearly indicated. In any case, massive economic assistance is required and the United States can no longer do it by itself, partly because so many of the investments abroad will continue for some time to be of a risky nature and because sharing the burden also means relief for our unfavorable balance of payments. Western Europe and Japan can afford larger common defense and overseas commitments; the joint planning of these will help in avoiding the many mistakes we have made in the past when action perforce had to be solely ours.

If prestige and power are two sides of the same coin and if to be influential (and therefore to survive) we must maintain both, then this is the game the United States must play. It is idle to say the rules have been set by the Russians or, in fact, by that great realist of politics, Niccolo Machiavelli. It is irrelevant to argue—as one could—that a large increase in the nation's GNP would have more significant and beneficial consequences at home than could the kind of ineffectual tinkering with our economy currently being advocated. The point is that our growing weakness will only encourage contempt abroad and the sharpening of crises everywhere as the new Comintern (led by the Chinese) helps develop "the revolutionary class consciousness" of "the colonial and dependent countries."

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1402

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Cultivated; carried to a very fine point.

B. Capital of the Federated Malay States (2 wds.).

C. To fix the legal term of; esp. to put off payment till an appointed time.

D. Till now.

E. Ill-smelling.

F. Self-service emporium of cooked food.

G. Important early Italian violinist and composer, called "Il prete rosso" (1680-1743).

H. Inflame with anger; a pleasing fragrance; homage.

I. Pretentious.

J. Expressed in formal or literary style.

K. Unsubstantial, light, volatile, transparent (3 wds.).

L. The "Fighting Quaker" prototype of S. Weir Mitchell's hero *Hugh Wynne* (1736-1816).

M. New UN nation whose capital is Abidjan (2 wds.).

N. Region whose capital is Hanoi, incorporated into Viet-Nam, 1946.

WORDS

94 23 189 118 207 77 187

128 39 60 9 190 17 103 205 96 47 142

206 133 86 21 2 63 192 159 10

52 33 19 171 110 48 104 167

175 97 14 112 201 92 122

53 149 114 36 183 79 163

109 174 69 83 144 76 182

138 54 49 58 191 41 113

4 46 68 153 43 124

152 193 107 55 181 66 11

51 115 158 56 176 132 88 24 65

131 143 99 87 154 80 61 32 67

185 121 130 28 18 45 93 172 6 5

40 145 177 184 75 89

DEFINITIONS

O. The Saint Jerome who published the Vulgate and many other ecclesiastical works (340-420).

P. A gypsy woman.

Q. Contemporary English author, born George Oliver, first urged to write by our own Gelett Burgess.

R. German name for village where Marlborough and Prince Eugene won famous battle in War of Spanish Succession.

S. Each separate person without exception.

T. Bring out again (as a publication).

U. Usually written on an invitation with the name of a newcomer, to introduce *him or her* (2 wds.).

V. The nominal, but not real, head; a statue on a bow.

W. Putting (somebody) again in possession of.

X. *Current slang* for in the nick of time; promptly (not in WNI; 3 wds.).

Y. Typical genus of nuthatches.

Z. Weapon to be wielded only by the sinless (3 wds.).

WORDS

134 82 95 123 38 117 101 26 198 139

81 27 7 129 196

71 91 8 3 126 194

12 204 162 186 178 50 147 42 140

29 146 127 13 179 102 37 70

111 98 200 25 105 164 85

150 125 78 180 108 161

16 166 84 72 136 157 20 44 203 62

100 137 169 197 148 22 106 173 34

141 119 199 156 31 168 64 74 120

160 35 170 195 116

165 57 15 1 90 30 151 73 59 155 188

202 135

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 Z	2 C	3 Q	4 I	5 M		6 M	7 P	8 Q	9 B	10 C	11 J		12 R	13 S	14 E	15 Z
16 V	17 B	18 M		19 D	20 V	21 C	22 W	23 A		24 K	25 T		26 O	27 P	28 M	29 S	
30 Z	31 X	32 L	33 D	34 W	35 Y	36 F	37 S		38 O	39 B	40 N	41 H	42 R	43 I	44 V		45 M
46 I	47 B	48 D	49 H	50 R		51 K	52 D	53 F	54 H		55 J	56 K		57 Z	58 H		59 Z
60 B	61 L	62 V		63 C	64 X	65 K	66 J		67 L	68 I	69 G	70 S		71 Q	72 V	73 Z	74 X
75 N	76 G	77 A		78 U	79 F	80 L	81 P	82 O	83 G	84 V	85 T		86 C	87 L	88 K	89 N	
90 Z	91 Q		92 E	93 M	94 A	95 O		96 B	97 E	98 T	99 L	100 W	101 O		102 S	103 B	104 D
105 T	106 W	107 J	108 U		109 G	110 D	111 T	112 E	113 H		114 F	115 K	116 Y	117 O		118 A	119 X
	120 X	121 M	122 E	123 O	124 I	125 U	126 Q	127 S		128 B	129 P	130 M	131 L	132 K		133 C	134 O
135 Z	136 V	137 W		138 H	139 O		140 R	141 X	142 B	143 L		144 G	145 N	146 S	147 R		148 W
149 F	150 U	151 Z	152 J	153 I	154 L		155 Z	156 X	157 V		158 K	159 C	160 Y	161 U	162 R	163 F	164 T
165 Z	166 V	167 D	168 X	169 W		170 Y	171 D	172 M	173 W		174 G	175 E		176 K	177 N	178 R	
179 S	180 U	181 J		182 G	183 F		184 N	185 M	186 R	187 A		188 Z	189 A		190 B	191 H	
192 C	193 J	194 Q	195 Y	196 P	197 W	198 O	199 X	200 T	201 E	202 Z	203 V	204 R		205 B	206 C	207 A	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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